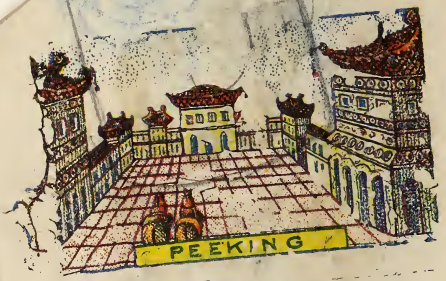
The ONTARIO READERS

THIRD READER

AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

PRICE 15 CENTS.



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Fleming McIntyre

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The Ontario Readers.

THIRD READER.

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO BY THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

TORONTO:
THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY (LIMITED).

PREFACE.

THE plan of the Third Reader is the same as that of the Second, with the exception that a few historical lessons have been introduced, and two lessons which may serve as an introduction to Physical Science. The botanical lessons supplement those given in the Second Reader. These, and the lessons on Canadian trees, and all lessons relating to things in nature, should be made the subjects of conversation between the teacher and his class, and should form a basis for scientific instruction. The pupils should be led to study nature directly. To this end they should be required to obtain (wherever possible) the natural objects which are described in the lessons, and to examine them, and to form opinions for themselves concerning them.

Similarly, every lesson should form the subject of conversation—before reading, during the progress of the reading, and after reading:—the teacher eliciting from his pupils clear statements of their knowledge of it, correcting any wrong notions they may have of it, throwing them back upon their own experience or reading, and leading them to observe, compare, and judge, and to state in words the results of their observations, comparisons, and judgments. Some of these statements should be written on the blackboard, and then be made the subject of critical conversation; others might be written by the pupils at their desks, and afterwards be reviewed in class. In this incidental teaching, it should be the teacher's aim to develop the previous imperfect knowledge of the pupils concerning a lesson into a full and complete knowledge. This can best be effected by judicious questioning and conversation.

The illustrations of the lessons, as in the Second Reader, are intended to aid the pupils in obtaining real conceptions of the ideas involved in the lessons. Children vary greatly in capacity for imagination. It is essential, however, to the proper understanding of a lesson, and hence to the proper reading of it, that a child be able to imagine the persons, actions, objects, described in it. The illustrations will aid in developing this power of imagination, and the teacher by his questions and appropriate criticisms, and by a judicious use of his own greater knowledge and experience, will aid still more in developing it.

In the poetry great care has been taken to select not only such pieces as children can easily comprehend, but also such as are in themselves good literature. Many old favorites have been retained, their worth as reading lessons having been proved with generations of school children. In the reading of poetry the teacher must constantly assure himself that the pupils clearly understand what they read. Children have a natural ear for

rhythm, and a fondness for rhyme. Hence they easily learn to read verse, being insensibly charmed by its melody. But they cannot, with equal facility, comprehend the poetical meanings, the terse expressions, and the inverted constructions, with which verse abounds. Much more time, therefore, should be spent by the teacher, in poetry than in prose, in eliciting from his pupils the meanings of words, phrases, and sentences. He should not rest satisfied until the pupils can substitute for every more important word, phrase, and sentence of a poem, an equivalent of their own finding. He must be certain too that they understand the substitutions which they offer. Conversation and questioning will here, as elsewhere in school work, help him in effecting his purpose.

The exercises which are put at the end of some of the lessons are intended merely as examples of exercises which the teacher can himself prepare for all the lessons. Methods of using these have been described in the Preface to the Second Reader. In the Word Exercises, many of the words have been re-spelled phonetically to indicate their pronunciation. This too is merely an example of what may be done with all words. Pupils should be taught to pick out the silent letters in words, and to indicate the true phonetic equivalents of the "orthographical expedients," as they are called, by which vowel sounds are often indicated. For example, in *neighbour*, *g*, *h*, and either *o* or *u* are silent, and *ei* does duty for *ā*; so that the pronunciation of the word may be indicated by *nā'bor* or *nā'bur*. It will be a useful exercise for the pupils sometimes to write out in this way, on the blackboard, the phonetic spelling of the irregularly spelled words which occur in their lessons, alongside of their common spelling. Practice will soon give facility in doing this. It is believed that by such practice the orthography of irregularly spelled words will be more easily remembered, and accuracy of pronunciation more readily gained.

To aid in securing accuracy of pronunciation, a short chapter on Orthoëpy has been prefixed to the reading lessons. The statements in it are to form a basis for lessons to be given by the teacher to the pupils in conversation. Orthoëpy is acquired only by constant attention to utterance. Carefulness in enunciation must first become a habit. The correct pronunciation of individual words will then be gained by the imitation of those who speak correctly, or by reference to a dictionary. It is true that in the pronunciation of many words, authorities differ widely; hence dogmatism in pronunciation is to be avoided. Notwithstanding this, no one can hope to become a correct speaker without the careful study of a dictionary. The teacher should see that the system of sound-marking adopted by the dictionary in use in his school, is understood by his pupils, so that they may consult it intelligently.

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(The Titles of the Selections in Poetry are printed in Italics.)

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ORTHOËPY.

1. **Orthoëpy** or **Correct Pronunciation**, is the utterance of words with their right sounds and accents, as sanctioned by the best usage. It depends principally upon **Articulation, Syllabication,** and **Accentuation.**

2. **Articulation** is the distinct utterance of the elementary vowel and consonant sounds of the language, whether separate, or combined into syllables and words. In pronouncing a word its elementary sounds should be correctly articulated.

3. The more **common faults in articulation** are :—

(1) *Omitting a vowel sound, or substituting one vowel sound for another, in an unaccented syllable.* Of all faults in pronunciation probably this is the commonest. As a rule it results from carelessness in utterance. Examples of it are :—pronouncing—arithmetic, *'rithmetic ;* library, *līb'ry ;* literature, *lit'rature ;* geography, *j'ography ;* barrel, *barr'l ;* below, *b'low ;* family, *fam'ly ;* violent, *vi'lent ;* history, *hist'ry ;* memory, *mem'ry ;* regular, *reg'lar ;* usual, *ūzh'al ;* alwāys, *alwŭz ;* afford, *ŭfford ;* abundant, *abundŭnt ;* eatable, *eatŭble ;* America, *Ameriky ;* childrĕn, *childrin ;* modĕst, *modŭst ;* commandment, *commandmŭnt ;* judgment, *judgmŭnt ;* moment, *momŭnt ;* kindness, *kindniss ;* gospĕl, *gospil ;* pocket, *pockit :* ēmotion, *immotion ;* charĭty, *charŭty ;* opposīte, *oppozŭt ;* potatō, *pŭtatĕh ;* patriŏt, *patrĭŭt ;* ōbedience, *ŭbedĭĕnce ;* accūrāte, *ak'er-ĭt ;* particūlar, *partikŭlĕr.*

(2) *Substituting one vowel sound for another in an accented syllable or a one-syllabled word.* This fault may result, not from carelessness, but from want of knowledge, for the correct pronunciation of the vowel sounds of words must be learned from some correct speaker, or from a dictionary. Examples of this fault are :—pronouncing—āte, *ĕt ;* cătch, *kĕtch ;* săt, *sŏt ;* găther, *gĕther ;* bădе, *bādе ;* was, *wŭz ;* father, *fäther* or *fawther ;* says (*sĕz*), *sāz ;* get, *git ;* kettle, *kĭttle ;* deaf (dĕf), *deef ;* creek, *crick ;* rinse, *rĕnse ;* bŏnnet, *bŭnnet ;* bosom, *bŭzum ;* frŏm, *frum ;* just, *jĕst ;* shut, *shĕt ;* new (nū), *noo ;* dūty, *dooty ;* redūce, *redooce ;* because, *bekŭz ;* saucy, *săssy ;* point, *pīnt ;* instead, *instĭd ;* route, (rōōt), *rout.*

(3) *Omitting a consonant sound, or substituting one consonant sound for another ;* as in pronouncing—yeast, *'east ;* February, *Feb'uary ;* and, *an' ;* old, *ōl' ;* acts, *ac's ;* slept, *slep' ;* depths, *dep's ;* fields, *fiel's ;* winds, *win's ;* breadths, *bre'ths ;* twelfth, *twel'th* or *twelf' ;* asked (askt), *as't ;* mostly, *mōs'ly ;* swiftly, *swif'ly ;* government, *gover'ment ;* Arctic, *Ar'tic ;* products, *produc's ;* consists, *consis' ;* commands, *comman's ;* morning, *mornin ;* strength, *strenth ;* length, *lenth ;* shrink, *srink ;* shrill, *srill ;* height, *hĭth ;* Asia (A'she-a), *A'zhe-a ;* chimney, *chimbly ;* covetous (cŭv'ĕt-ŭs), *cŭv'e-chŭs ;* fortūne, *forchin.*

(4) *Introducing in the pronunciation of a word a sound that does not belong to it;* as in pronouncing—drown, *drownd;* drowned, *drownded;* often (of'n), *of'ten;* epistle, (e-pis'l), *e-pis'tel;* elm, *el'um;* film, *fil'um;* height, *hīt'th;* grievous, *grēv'i-us;* mischievous (mis'chĭv-us), *mis-chĕv'i-us;* column, *col'yum;* once (wŭns), *wŭnst;* across, *across.*

(5) *Misusing the sound of* r; as in pronouncing—Maria, *Mariar;* idea, *idear;* widow, *widder;* meadow, *medder;* farm, *far-r-m;* warm, *war-r-m;* war, *wa';* door, *do-ah;* garden, *gä'den;* card, *cä'd;* warm, *wä'm;* forth, *fo'th;* hundred, *hunderd;* children, *chĭldern.*

(6) *Misusing the aspirate* (h); as in pronouncing—happy, *'appy;* apples, *happles;* whence, *wence;* which, *wich;* what, *wot;* whirl, *wirl.*

4. **Syllabication** (in Orthoëpy) is the correct formation of syllables in pronouncing words. A syllable is a sound, or a combination of sounds, uttered by a single impulse of the voice, and constituting a word or a part of a word. A word has as many syllables as it has separate vowel sounds. When words are uttered so that their vowel sounds are clearly and correctly articulated, they will be properly syllabified.

5. **Accentuation** is the correct placing of accent in uttering words. **Accent** is a superior stress or force of voice upon certain syllables of words which distinguishes them from the other syllables. In uttering a word of more than one syllable, one of the syllables receives a greater stress in pronunciation than the others, and is said to be *accented*, or to *have the accent.* Some words have more than one syllable accented, as *con'fla-gra''tion, in-com'pre-hen'si-bil''ity;* but one syllable is always more strongly accented than the others, and is said to have the *main* or *primary accent.* Accentuation, like the other elements of orthoëpy, is fixed by usage; that is, by the practice of those who are recognized as correct speakers.

6. In the pronunciation of a word care should be taken to give to the vowels their proper sounds, to place the accent upon the right syllable, and to sound the consonants distinctly. The tendency to drop consonant sounds, and to pronounce indistinctly or incorrectly the vowel sounds of unaccented syllables, should be carefully guarded against. The distinction between syllables should be carefully made, and especially, the distinction between separate words. Carelessness in this respect may make the meanings of sentences uncertain. For example:

He saw two beggars steal, may sound as, *He sought to beg or steal;*
He had two small eggs, may sound as, *He had two small legs;* and
Can there be an aim more lofty? as, *Can there be a name more lofty?*

This blending of the sounds of words is prevented, partly by distinctly uttering the sounds of their initial letters, but chiefly by distinctly uttering and slightly dwelling upon the sounds of their final letters.

THIRD READER.

I.—THE WHITE SHIP.

CHARLES DICKENS.

KING HENRY I. went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor, and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and on the 25th of November, in the year 1120, the whole retinue prepared to embark, for the voyage home.

On that day, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said, "My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called The White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in The White Ship to England."

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my ship is already chosen, and that I cannot, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and his company shall go along with you in the fair

White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown." An hour or two afterward, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the

coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of these ships heard a faint, wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now, the prince was a dissolute young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and who had declared

that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard The White Ship with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father the king has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and The White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the king if we sail at midnight." Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine, and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of The White Ship.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbor, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row yet harder, for the honor of The White Ship.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock,—was filling,—going down! Fitz-

Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die." But as they rowed fast away from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arm to catch his sister, such numbers leaped into the boat that it was overset. And in the same instant The White Ship went down. Only two men floated. They both clung to the mainyard of the ship, which had broken from the mast and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He replied, "I am a nobleman,—Godfrey by name, son of Gilbert. And you?"—"I am a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage each other as they drifted in the cold, benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By and by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone, gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except us three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At

length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank; and, of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheep-skin coat, and got him into their boat,—the sole relator of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly and falling at his feet, told him that The White Ship was lost with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterward was seen to smile.

Word Exercise.

liege (*lēj*)	niece (*nēs*)	Gil'bert	en-cour'age (*en-kur'-aj*)
helm		con'quer (*kŏng'ker*)	
An-jou (*an'joo*)	float'ed		ex-haust'ed (*egz-awst'ed*)
	butch'er	God'frey	
Rou-en (*roo'en*)	man'tles	dis'so-lūte	tri-umph'ant (*tri-umf'ant*)
	whis'per	com'mon-er	
ag'o-ny	wrapped	No-vem'ber	com-mand'ed

Phrase Exercise.

1. Great retinue.—2. *Contract* a marriage.—3. Sailors of renown.—4. *Fair* wind.—5. To make merry.—6. Sails were set.—7. Oars *going merrily*.—8. Terrific cry.—9. *Encourage* each other.—10. *Benumbing* sea.—11. *Ghastly* face.—12. Brilliant crowd.—13. Sole relator of the dismal tale.—14. Carry the intelligence.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.

—*Tennyson.*

II.—CASABIANCA.

MRS. HEMANS.

CASABIANCA, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the French fleet, remained at his post, in the Battle of the Nile, after his ship, the "Orient," had caught fire, and after all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames reached the powder magazine.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame, that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike, form.

The flames rolled on,—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud:—"Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave, despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

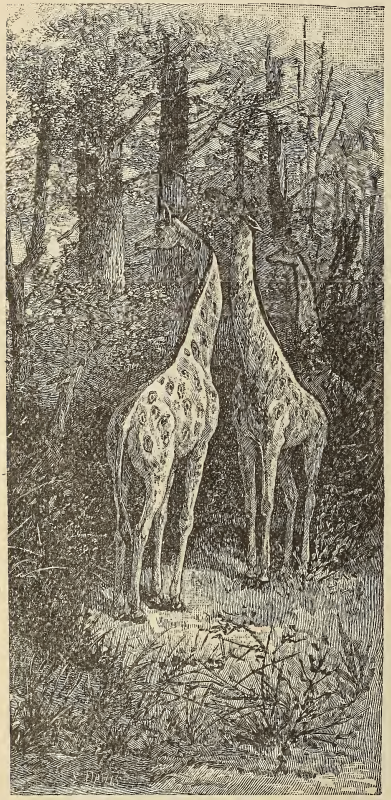
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Phrase Exercise.

1. Battle's *wreck*.—2. To rule the storm.—3. A creature of heroic blood.—4. Lay *unconscious* of his son.—5. *Booming* shots.—6. *Lone post* of death.—7. Brave despair.—8. *Wreathing* fires.—9. Wrapped in wild splendor.—10. Gallant child.—11. Streamed like banners.—12. Fair pennon.—13. *Noblest* thing.—14. Faithful heart.

III.—THE GIRAFFE OR CAMELOPARD.

THERE are few sights more pleasing than a herd of tall, graceful giraffes. With their heads reaching a height of from twelve to eighteen feet, they move about in small herds on the open plains of Africa, eating the tender twigs and leaves of the mimosa and other trees.



The legs of a large giraffe are about nine feet long and its neck nearly six feet; while its body measures only seven feet in length and slopes rapidly from the neck to the tail. The graceful appearance of the giraffe is increased by the beauty of its skin, which is orange red in color, and mottled with dark spots. Its long tail has at the end a tuft of thick hair, which serves the purpose of keeping off the flies and stinging insects, so plentiful in the hot climate of Africa.

Its tongue is very wonderful. It is from thirteen to seventeen inches in length, is slender and pointed, and is capable of being moved in so many ways, that it is almost as useful to the giraffe as the trunk is to the elephant.

The horns of the giraffe are very short and covered with skin. At the ends there are tufts of short hair. The animal has divided hoofs somewhat resembling those of the ox.

The head of the giraffe is small, and its eyes large and mild looking. These eyes are set in such a way that the animal can see a great deal of what is behind it, without turning its head. In addition to its wonderful power of sight, the giraffe can scent danger from a great distance; so that there is no animal more difficult of approach.

Strange to relate, the giraffe has no voice. In London, some years ago, two giraffes were burned to death in their stables, when the slightest sound would have given notice of their danger, and have saved their lives.

The giraffe is naturally both gentle and timid, and he will always try to avoid danger by flight. It is when running that he exposes his only ungraceful point. He runs swiftly, but since he moves his fore and hind legs on each side at the same time, the movement gives him a very awkward gait. But though timid, he will, when overtaken, turn even upon the lion or panther, and defend himself successfully by powerful kicks with his strong legs.

The natives of Africa capture the giraffe in pitfalls, which are deep holes covered over with branches of trees and dirt. When captured, the giraffe can be tamed, and during its captivity it gives scarcely any trouble.

Fifty years ago, but little was known about the giraffe in America or Europe. Now it is to be found in menageries and the public gardens of large cities. The giraffe thrives in captivity and seems to be well satisfied with a diet of corn and hay. It is a source of great satisfaction to those who admire this beautiful animal, that there is nothing to prevent it from living in a climate so different from that of its African home.

IV.—THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

R. W. EMERSON.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere:
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I am not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If *I* cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can *you* crack a nut."

V.—THE PET LAMB.

WORDSWORTH.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away;
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the lamb she looked; and from that shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:—

"What ails thee, young one? What? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? Well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art.
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms, the like thou need'st not fear—
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk,—warm milk it is, and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now;
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the plough:
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep,—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song unto myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the *damsel* must belong;
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

Word Exercise.

bal'lad	cov'ert	draught	Bar'ba-ra
wool'len	(*kŭv'ert*)	(*draft*)	Lew'-thwaite

VI.—THE CAMEL.

IN Asia and in Africa there are vast plains of sand, upon which no grass grows, and through which no river runs. These plains are as smooth as the ocean unmoved by waves. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but sand. In the middle of the day when the sun is hottest, the sand dazzles the eyes of the traveller, as if there were a sun beneath the sand as well as one above.

Here and there, but many miles apart, are green spots consisting of bushes, trees, and grass, growing around a small pool or spring of water. These green spots are called oases. Here the tired traveller can find food and shade, and can sleep awhile, sheltered from the blazing sun.

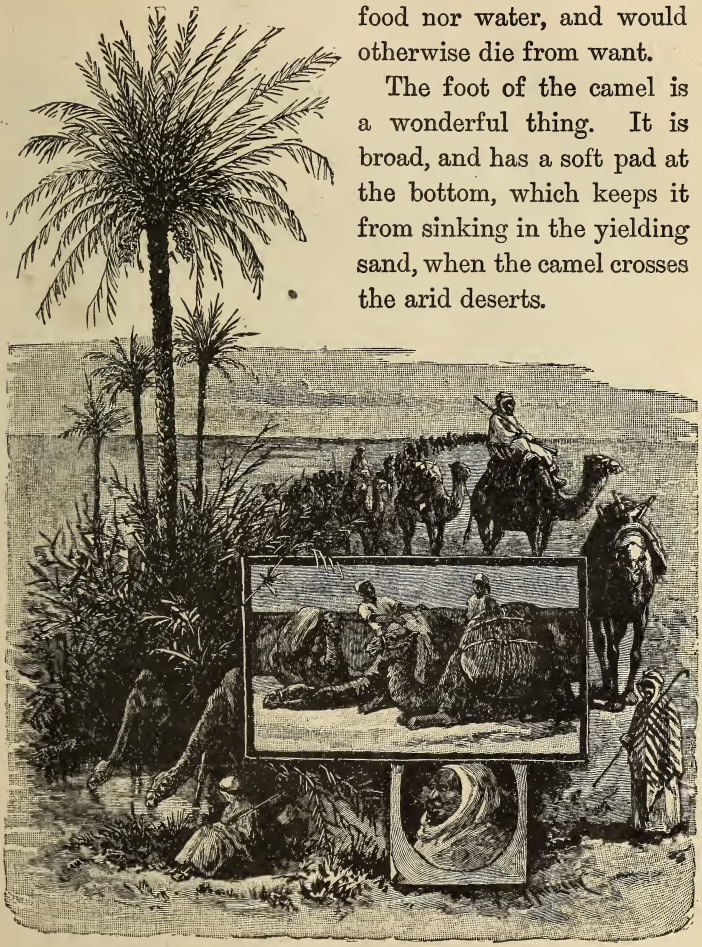
How do you think the traveller crosses these burning plains? Not in carriages, nor on horseback, nor in railroad trains, but on the backs of tall, long-necked, hump-backed camels.

Even if you have seen camels alive, or pictures of them, you will still be glad to learn more about these very useful animals.

The camel lives on grass, and the dry short herbage, which is found on the edges of the desert. While travelling in the desert, it is fed upon dates and barley. It is able to eat a great deal of food at a time and to drink enough water to last some days. By this means, it can go for a long time without food, and travel long distances without stopping to eat or drink. The camel has a curious lump of fat on the top of its back called a "hump." One kind of camel has two humps. One purpose of these humps,

is to supply the camel with strength, when it has neither food nor water, and would otherwise die from want.

The foot of the camel is a wonderful thing. It is broad, and has a soft pad at the bottom, which keeps it from sinking in the yielding sand, when the camel crosses the arid deserts.



The camel with two humps on its back is much larger and stronger than the camel with one hump. The one-

humped camel is known as the Arabian camel or dromedary. Asia is the home of the camel, but numbers of them are used in Africa and other parts of the world. The camel is trained to kneel down to receive its load, and to let its master get on its back. The camel can smell water at a great distance. When its rider is nearly dead from thirst, and water is near, he can tell it by the greater speed at which the camel begins to travel.

The camel is often called the "ship of the desert." As the desert is like a sea, and the green spots upon it like islands, so is the camel like a ship, that can carry the traveller from one point to another, quickly and safely. But even with his faithful camel, the traveller does not care to cross the desert alone. The difficulties of keeping in the right track, and the fear of wild Arabs, make it much safer for a number of travellers to cross the desert together.

Travellers take with them camel-drivers and men who know the way, to look after the beasts when they stop for the night. These men light the fires, cook the food, and fill the large skin-bottles with water when they come to a spring. The travellers, camels, and camel-drivers, together, form what is called a caravan.

Word Exercise.

ar'id	daz'zles	isl'and	dĕs'ert (*dĕz-*)
oases	car'riage	(*ī'land*)	dif'fi-cult
(*ō'a-sēz*)	(*kăr'rij*)	herb'age	A-ra'bi-an
car'a-van	pict'ure	shel'tered	dromedary
(or, *car-a-van'*)	(*pĭkt'yūr*)	trav'el-ler	(*drŭm'e-da-re*)

VII.—LUCY GRAY.

WORDSWORTH.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

Phrase Exercise.

1. Crossed the wild.—2. *Solitary* child.—3. Sweetest thing.—4. *Minster* clock.—5. Snapped a fagot-band.—6. *Plied* his work.—7. Not blither is the mountain roe.—8. Wanton stroke.—9. *Disperse the powdery* snow.—10. *Wretched* parents.—11. Sound nor sight.—12. Spied the print.—13. Tracked them on.—14. Lonesome wild.—15. *Trips* along.—16. *Solitary* song.

VIII.—THE EMPEROR AND THE MAJOR.

THE Emperor Alexander, while travelling in Western Russia, came one day to a small town of which he knew very little; so, when he found that he must change horses, he thought that he would look around and see what the town was like.

Alone, habited in a plain military coat, without any mark of his high rank, he wandered through the place until he came to the end of the road that he had been following. There he paused, not knowing which way to turn; for two paths were before him,—one to the right and one to the left.

Alexander saw a man standing at the door of a house; and, going up to him, the Emperor said, "My friend, can you tell me which of these two roads I must take to get to Kalouga?" The man, who was in full military dress, was smoking a pipe with an air of dignity almost ridiculous. Astonished that so plain-looking a traveller should dare to speak to him with familiarity, the smoker answered shortly, "To the right."

"Pardon!" said the Emperor. "Another word, if you please."—"What?" was the haughty reply.—"Permit me to ask you a question," continued the Emperor. "What is your grade in the army?"—"Guess." And the pipe blazed away furiously.—"Lieutenant?" said the amused Alexander.—"Up!" came proudly from the smoker's lips.—"Captain?"—"Higher."—"Major?"—"At last!" was the lofty response. The Emperor bowed low in the presence of such greatness.

"Now, in my turn," said the major, with the grand air that he thought fit to assume in addressing a humble inferior, "what are you, if you please?"—"Guess," answered Alexander.—"Lieutenant?"—"Up!"—"Captain?"—"Higher."—"Major?"—"Go on."—"Colonel?"—"Again."

The smoker took his pipe from his mouth: "Your Excellency is, then, General?" The grand air was fast disappearing.—"You are coming near it."—The major put his hand to his cap: "Then your Highness is Field-Marshal?"

By this time the grand air had taken flight, and the officer, so pompous a moment before, looked as if the

steady gaze and the quiet voice of the traveller had reduced him to the last stage of fear.—"Once more, my good major," said Alexander.—"His Imperial Majesty?" exclaimed the man, in surprise and terror, letting his pipe drop from his trembling fingers.—"His very self," answered the Emperor; and he smiled at the wonderful change in the major's face and manner.

"Ah, Sire, pardon me!" cried the officer, falling on his knees,—"pardon me!"—"And what is there to pardon?" said Alexander, with real, simple dignity. "My friend, you have done me no harm. I asked you which road I should take, and you told me. Thanks!"

But the major never forgot the lesson. If, in later years, he was tempted to be rude or haughty to his so-called inferiors, there rose at once in his mind a picture of a well-remembered scene, in which his pride of power had brought such shame upon him. Two soldiers in a quiet country-town made but an every-day picture, after all; but what a difference there had been between the pompous manner of the petty officer and the natural, courteous dignity of the Emperor of all the Russias!

Word Exercise.

haughty	Maj'es-ty	Colonel	Lieu-ten'ant
(*haw'te*)	Ka-lou'ga	(*kur'nel*)	(*lĕv-ten'ant*)
Em'per-or	(*kă-loo'gă*)	Im-pe'ri-al	Ex'cel-len-cy

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Habited* in a *plain military* coat.—2. Air of dignity.—3. Speak with *familiarity*.—4. Answered shortly.—5. Haughty reply.—6. Lofty response.—7. Steady gaze.—8. Exclaimed in surprise.—9. Simple dignity.—10. Pompous manner.—11. Petty officer.—12. Natural dignity.

IX.—FARMER JOHN.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

HOME from his journey, Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound;
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," said Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him.
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I'm away?

"You haven't a rib," says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf in a week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And water you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay
And he slaps old Gray;
"Ah! this is the comfort of going away.

"For after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home:

I've seen great sights, but I would not give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome;
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels and bustle and glare;—
Land all houses and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones!
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away.

"There Money is king," says Farmer John,
"And Fashion is queen; and it's very queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent.,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,

Some land to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,—
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,—
O a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large kind oxen look their thanks,
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

Word Exercise.

trough (*trawf*)	luxury (*lŭk'shu-re*)	mortgage (*mor'gaj*)	foreheads (*fŏr'eds*)
clutched	jour'ney (*jŭr-*)	Bab'y-lon	hăp'pi-nĕss

Phrase Exercise.

1. Arrived safe and sound.—2. Stifled air.—3. Bustle and glare.—4. Money is king.—5. Fashion is queen.—6. Raking and scraping.—7. Days of *worry*.—8. Simple ways.—9. Sweet content.—10. Sees the corn *in tassel*.—11. Buckwheat *blowing*.—12. Look their thanks.—13. The doves *light* round him.

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Cary.*

X.—THE POOR LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IT was New Year's Eve, and a cold, snowy evening. On this night, a poor little girl walked along the street with naked feet, benumbed with cold, and carrying in her hand a bundle of matches, which she had been trying all day to sell, but in vain; no one had given her a single penny. The snow fell fast upon her pretty yellow hair and her bare neck; but she did not mind that. She looked wistfully at the bright lights which shone from every window as she passed along; she could smell the nice roast goose, and she longed to taste it: it was New Year's Eve!

Wearied and faint she laid herself down in a corner of the street, and drew her little legs under her to keep herself warm. She could not go home, for her father would scold her for not having sold any matches; and, even if she were there, she would still be cold, for the house was but poorly protected, and the wind whistled through many a chink in the roof and walls. She thought she would try and warm her cold fingers by lighting one of the matches; she drew one out, struck it against the wall, and immediately a bright, clear flame streamed from it, like a little candle.

The little girl looked at the flame, and she saw before her a beautiful brass stove with a nice warm fire in it! She stretched out her feet to warm them,—when, lo, the match went out; in a moment the stove and fire vanished; she sat again in the cold night, with the burnt match in her hand.

She struck another; the flame blazed on the opposite wall, and she saw through it into a room where a table was laid out with handsome dishes,—roast goose, and other nice things were there,—and, what was still more extraordinary, she saw the goose jump from the dish, knife, and fork, and all, and come running towards her. But again the match went out; and nothing but the dark wall and the cold street were to be seen.

The little girl drew another match; and, as soon as it struck a light, she saw a most beautiful Christmas tree, much larger and more splendid than any she had ever seen before. A vast number of lighted candles hung among the branches; and a multitude of pretty variegated pictures, like those in the shops, met her eyes. The girl lifted up her little hands in rapture at the sight; but again the match fell; and in the same moment one of the blazing candles shot through the sky, like a falling star, and fell at her feet. "Now some one dies," cried she; for she had been told by her good old grandmother, that when a star falls, a soul returns to God.

Again she struck; and, behold, a bright light shone round about her, and in the midst of it stood her kind grandmother, looking calmly and smilingly upon her.

"Dear grandmother," said she, "take me, oh take me! You will be gone from me when the match goes out, like the bright stove, the nice supper, and the Christmas tree;" and saying this, she struck all the rest of the matches at once, which made a light round her almost like day. And now the good grandmother smiled still more sweetly upon her; she lifted her up in her arms,

and they soared together, far, far away; where there was no longer any cold, or hunger, or pain,—they were in Paradise!

But the poor little match-girl was still in the corner of the street, in the cold New Year's morning. She was frozen to death, and a bundle of burnt matches lay beside her. People said, "She has been trying to warm herself, poor thing!" But ah, they knew not what glorious things she had seen; they knew not into what joys she had entered—nor how happy she was on this festival of the New Year!

Word Exercise.

calmly	fes'ti-val	vanished	vā'ri-e-gāt-ed
(*käm-le*)	Par'a-dise	(*van'isht*)	grand'mother
op'po-site	handsome	Christmas	extraordinary
(*op'po-zĭt*)	(*han'sum*)	(*krĭs'mas*)	(*eks-tror'dĭ-na-re*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Benumbed* with cold.—2. She *did not mind* that.—3. Looked *wistfully*.—4. Wearied and faint.—5. Poorly protected.—6. A *clear* flame *streamed* from it.—7. A table *was laid out*.—8. *In rapture* at the sight.—9. *Soared* far away.—10. *Glorious* things.

XI.—THE SANDS O' DEE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

XII.—THE RHINOCEROS.

NEXT to the mighty elephant, the rhinoceros is the largest and strongest of animals. There are several species of the rhinoceros, some of which are found in Asia, and others in different parts of Africa.

In the latter country there are four varieties,—the black rhinoceros, having a single horn; a black species, having two horns; the long-horned white rhinoceros; and the common white species, which has a short, stubby horn.

The largest of the African species is the long-horned, white, or square-nosed rhinoceros. When full grown, it sometimes measures eighteen feet in length, and about as many feet around the body. Its horn frequently grows to the length of thirty inches.

The black rhinoceros, although much smaller than the white, and seldom having a horn over eighteen inches long, is far more ferocious than the white species, and possesses a wonderful degree of strength.

The form of the rhinoceros is clumsy, and its appearance dull and heavy. The limbs are thick and powerful, and each foot has three toes, which are covered with broad, hoof-like nails. The tail is small; the head very long and large. Taken altogether, there are few—if any—animals that compare with the rhinoceros in ugliness. The eyes are set in such a manner that the animal can not see anything exactly in front of it; but the senses of hearing and smelling are so keen that sight is not required to detect an enemy, whether it be man or beast. The skin of the African rhinoceros is smooth, and has only a

few scattering hairs here and there. It is, however, very thick and tough, and can resist the force of a rifle-ball except when it is fired from a very short distance.

The largest known species of the rhinoceros is found in Asia. It lives chiefly in the marshy jungles, and on the banks of lakes and rivers, in India. Some of this species are over five feet in height, and have horns three feet in length and eighteen inches around the base. Unlike that of the African rhinoceros, the skin of the Asiatic species is not smooth, but lies in thick folds upon the body, forming flaps which can be lifted with the hand.

The food of the rhinoceros consists of roots, and the young branches and leaves of trees and shrubs. It ploughs up the roots with the aid of its horn, and gathers the branches and leaves with its upper lip, which is long and pointed, and with it rolls its food together before placing it in its mouth. The flesh of the rhinoceros is good to eat; and its strong, thick skin is made by the natives into shields, whips, and other articles.

Though clumsy, and apparently very stupid, the rhinoceros is a very active animal when attacked or otherwise alarmed. It is very fierce and savage,—so much so, that the natives dread it more than they do the lion. In hunting the rhinoceros, it is dangerous for a man to fire at one, unless he is mounted upon a swift horse, and can easily reach some place of safety. When attacking an enemy, the rhinoceros lowers its head and rushes forward like an angry bull. Though it may not see the object of its attack, its sense of smell is so acute that it knows when the enemy is reached. Then begins a furious tossing of

the head, and if its powerful horn strikes the foe, a terrible wound is the result. When wounded itself, the rhinoceros loses all sense of fear, and charges again and

again, with such desperate fury, that the enemy is almost always overcome.

A famous traveller in South Africa relates the follow-

ing incident that happened during one of his hunting excursions:

"Having proceeded about two miles, I came upon a black rhinoceros, feeding within fifty yards of me. I fired from my saddle, and sent a bullet in behind his shoulder, upon which he rushed forward, blowing like a grampus, and then stood looking about him. Presently he started off, and I followed. I expected that he would come to bay, but it seems a rhinoceros never does that,—a fact I did not know at that time. Suddenly he fell flat upon the ground; but soon recovering his feet, he resumed his course as if nothing had happened.

"I spurred on my horse, dashed ahead, and rode right in his path. Upon this, the hideous monster charged me in the most resolute manner, blowing loudly through his nostrils. Although I quickly turned about, he followed me at such a furious pace for several hundred yards, with his horrid, horny snout within a few yards of my horse's tail, that I thought my destruction was certain. The animal, however, suddenly turned and ran in another direction. I had now become so excited with the incident, that I determined to give him one more shot any way. Nerving my horse again, I made another dash after the rhinoceros, and coming up pretty close to him, I again fired, though with little effect, the ball striking some thick portion of the skin and doing no harm. Not caring to run the chance of the huge brute again charging me, and believing that my rifle-ball was not powerful enough to kill him, I determined to give up the pursuit, and accordingly let him run off while I returned to the camp."

XIII.—THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

ELIZA COOK.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

XIV.—ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

XV.—PRINCE ARTHUR.

DICKENS.

AT two-and-thirty years of age, in the year 1199, John became king of England. His pretty little nephew, Arthur, had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

The French king, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the king of England. So John and the French king went to war about Arthur.

He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament; and, besides the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession, to the French king, who pretended to be very much his friend, and made him a knight, and promised him his daughter in marriage; but who cared so little about him in reality, that, finding it his interest to make peace

with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little prince, and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

Young Arthur, for two years afterwards, lived quietly, and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French king, then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, made Arthur his pretence, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, prince," said the French king, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king!" "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping king of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy."

Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau, because his grandmother, Eleanor, was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king your uncle to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty; but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with his army. So here was a strange family party! The boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him!

This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night, King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts, drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the Castle of Falaise.

One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep, dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

"Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?" "I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question." The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy a close prisoner," said he to the warden of the castle. Then the king took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles, how the prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him poisoned."

King John feeling that in any case, whatever was done afterwards, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have

those handsome eyes burnt out, that had looked at him so proudly, while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourg (or Burgh), the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was a merciful, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor, he prevented the torture from being performed; and, at his own risk sent the savages away.

The chafed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next; and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman, and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain. But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To despatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

King John, very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he evasively sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, despatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen. Arthur was soon forced from the kind Hubert—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison; where, through his grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rippling against the stone wall below.

One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming, perhaps, of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailor to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself, and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding-stairs, the jailor trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat; and in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him, and sank his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower-door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

Word Exercise.

Seine (*sān*)	Fă-lāise′ (*lāz*)	ruffians	accession
Geoffrey	besieged	(*rŭf′yans*)	(*ak-sesh′un*)
(*jĕf′re*)	(*be-sējd*)	dungeons	tour′na-ment
Mirebeau	usurping	(*dŭn′juns*)	(*toor-* or *tur-*)
(*meer′bō*)	(*yū-zurp′ing*)	treachery	acknowledge
Nor′man-dy	mĕs′sen-gers	(*trĕch′er-e*)	(*ak-nŏl′ej*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Detestable villain.—2. *Declared in favor* of Arthur.—3. Ambitious schemes.—4. Heartlessly sacrificed his interests.—5. Full of *stratagem.*—6. Inhumanly treated.—7. Took *secret counsel.*—8. Arthur *pathetically entreated.*—9. The *chafed* and *disappointed* king.—10. *To despatch* Arthur.—11. *Evasively* sent this *reply.*—12. He prayed them.—13. Solitary boat.

XVI.—A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

Allan Cunningham.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee!

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

—*Cowper.*

XVII.—WE ARE SEVEN.

WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE child,
  That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
  What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
  She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
  That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
  And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair:
  Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

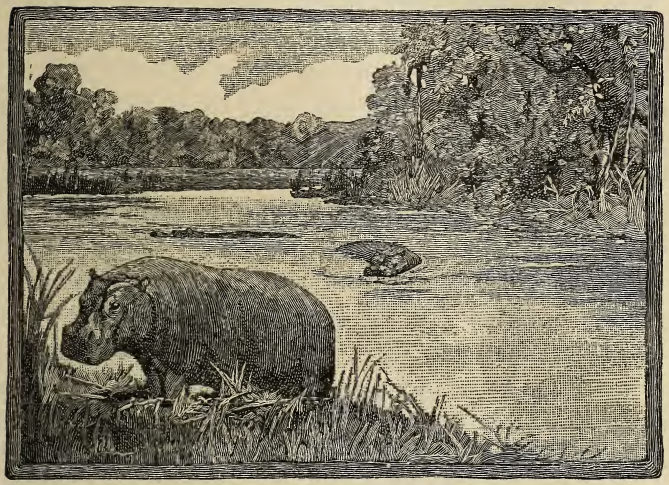
"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

XVIII.—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



OF all the ugly-looking animals the hippopotamus is certainly one of the ugliest. Its name means the river-horse, and was given it because it is generally found either in rivers or their neighborhood, but the hippopotamus is nothing like a horse, either in its form or its habits.

Though it rarely exceeds five feet in height, it is of vast bulk, and, when full grown, will weigh, it is said, as much as four or five oxen. The head is of enormous size, and provided with a mouth of alarming width. The skin, which is of a dark color and thinly covered with short white hairs, is, in places, nearly two inches thick. The feet are large and divided into four parts, each of which is protected by a hoof.

The hippopotamus lives entirely upon vegetable food, of which it eats vast quantities, as much as six bushels of

grass having been found in its stomach. But it is not so much the amount of food which it consumes, as what it destroys, that makes the African dread its visits to the standing crops. Its body is so huge and its legs are so short that it tramples down far more than it eats. It is provided with a tremendous array of teeth, some of which weigh from five to eight pounds. With these it cuts down the grass and shrubs on which it lives as if they were mown with a scythe.

The hippopotamus, in spite of its awkward form, is an excellent swimmer and diver, and can remain under water for as much as ten minutes. During the first few months of its life the young hippopotamus is carried upon its mother's neck. When born it is not much larger than a terrier dog.

The hippopotamus is caught in various ways. Sometimes several pitfalls, having sharp stakes at the bottom, are dug across the path which it pursues. In the darkness of the night it falls into one of these, and is impaled on the stakes. This is a very cruel mode of capture, and it is to be hoped that the natives who employ it, soon put the poor animal out of its misery. It is not easy to shoot it fatally, for, once it is alarmed, it does not readily show itself. It just pushes up its nostrils above the water to take in air, often selecting for this purpose some spot where the reeds conceal its movements, and then sinks again. Sometimes the hippopotamus is harpooned like a whale. As soon as it is struck with the harpoon the hunters fasten the line round a neighboring tree, and so hold their prey tight until it is despatched.

Or, if there is no time for them to get to land, they throw the line, with a buoy attached to it, into the water. The hippopotamus is then pursued in canoes, and every time it rises to the surface it is pierced with javelins, until, at length, it dies from loss of blood. This is dangerous sport, for it sometimes turns upon the hunters and crushes in or capsizes their canoes. Once a hippopotamus, whose calf had been speared on the previous day, attacked a boat in which was Dr. Livingstone. She struck it with such violence that the forepart was lifted clean out of the water, one of the negro boatmen was thrown into the river, and the whole crew were forced to jump ashore.

Between the skin and the flesh is a layer of fat, which is considered a great delicacy. The flesh also is very good eating. The hide is made into shields, whips, and walking-sticks. The teeth yield a beautiful white ivory, which is much valued on account of its never losing color.

Word Exercise.

buoy	pit'falls	javelins	e-nor'mous
(*bwoi*)	ter'ri-er	(*jăv'lĭns*)	har-pooned'
scythe	pierced	nŏs'trils	neighborhood
i'vo-ry	mĭs'er-y	hĭp-po-pot'a-mus	(*nā'bur-*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Either in its *form* or its *habits*.—2. Rarely exceeds.—3. Vast bulk.—4. Alarming width.—5. Lives entirely upon vegetable food.—6. Food which it *consumes*.—7. Tremendous array.—8. Awkward form.—9. *Impaled* on the stakes.—10. Cruel mode of capture.—11. Shoot it *fatally*.—12. The reeds *conceal* its *movements*.—13. The hunters fasten the line.—14. Dangerous sport.—15. *Capsizes* their canoes.—16. Lifted *clean* out of the water.—17. Considered a delicacy.

XIX.—A BRIGHT BOY.

PROF. J. S. BLACKIE.

BILL is a bright boy;
Do you know Bill?
Marching cheerily
Up and down hill;
Bill is a bright boy
At books and at play,
A right and a tight boy,
All the boys say.

His face is like roses
In flush of the June;
His eyes like the welkin,
When cloudless the noon;
His step is like fountains
That bicker with glee,
Beneath the green mountains,
Down to the sea.

When Bill plays at cricket,
No ball on the green
Is shot from the wicket
So sharp and so clean;
He stands at his station
As strong as a king
When he lifts up a nation
On Victory's wing.

When bent upon study,
He girds to his books;
No frown ever ploughs
The smooth pride of his looks;

I came, and I saw,
And I conquered at will:
This be the law
For great Cæsar and Bill.

Like Thor with the hammer
Of power in his hand,
He rides through the grammar
Triumphant and grand;
O'er bastions and brambles
Which pedants up-pile,
He leaps and he ambles
Along with a smile.

As mild as a maiden,
Where mildness belongs,—
He's hot as Achilles,
When goaded by wrongs;
He flirts with a danger,
He sports with an ill,
To fear, such a stranger
Is brave-hearted Bill!

For Bill is a bright boy—
Who is like Bill?
Oft have I marched with him
Up and down hill.
When I hear his voice calling,
I follow him still,
And, standing or falling,
I conquer with Bill!

Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.
—*Pope.*

XX.—AFTER BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh:
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Word Exercise.

fa'mous	vĭc'to-ry	Kas'par	quōth
shock'ing	nat'u-ral	Eu-gēne'	(or *kwŭth*)
Wil'hel-mine	(*-yu*)	Pe'ter-kin	rĭv'u-let
(*mēn*)	plough'share	Blĕn'heĭm	ex-pĕct'ant

XXI.—THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

KING EDWARD I. of England, commonly known as "Longshanks," nearly conquered Scotland. It was from no lack of spirit or energy that he did not quite complete his troublesome task, but he died a little too soon. On his death-bed he called his pretty, spiritless son to him, and made him promise to carry on the war; he then ordered that his bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the army in future campaigns against the Scots. Edward II. soon forgot his promise to his father, and spent his time in dissipation among his favorites, and allowed the resolute Scots to recover Scotland.

Good James, Lord Douglas, was a very wise man in his day. He may not have had long shanks, but he had a very long head, as you shall presently see. He was one of the

hardest foes with which the two Edwards had to contend, and his long head proved quite too powerful for the second Edward, who, in his single campaign against the Scots, lost at Bannockburn nearly all that his father had gained.

The tall Scottish castle of Roxburgh stood near the border, lifting its grim turrets above the Teviot and the Tweed. When the Black Douglas, as Lord James was called, had recovered castle after castle from the English, he desired to gain this stronghold, and determined to accomplish his wish. But he knew it could be taken only by surprise, and a very wily affair it must be. He had outwitted the English so many times that they were sharply on the look out for him.

How could it be done?

'Tis an old Yule-log story, and you shall be told.

Near the castle was a gloomy old forest, called Jedburgh. Here, just as the first days of spring began to kindle in the sunrise and the sunsets, and warm the frosty hills, Black Douglas concealed sixty picked men.

It was Shrove-tide, and Fasten's Eve, immediately before the great Church fast of Lent, was to be celebrated with song and harp and a great blaze of light, and free offerings of wine in the great hall of the castle. The garrison was to have leave for merry-making and indulging in drunken wassail.

The sun had gone down in the red sky, and the long, deep shadow began to fall on Jedburgh woods, the river, the hills, and valleys. An officer's wife had retired from the great hall, where all was preparation for the merry-making, to the high battlements of the castle, in order to

quiet her little child and put it to rest. The sentinel, from time to time, paced near her. She began to sing :—

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye!
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye ;
The Black Douglas shall not get ye !"

She saw some strange objects moving across the level ground in the distance. They greatly puzzled her. They did not travel quite like animals, but they seemed to have four legs.

"What are those queer-looking things yonder?" she asked of the sentinel as he drew near.

"They are Farmer Asher's cattle," said the soldier, straining his eyes to discern the outlines of the long figures in the shadows. "The good man is making merry to-night, and has forgotten to bring in his oxen; lucky 'twill be if they do not fall a prey to the Black Douglas."

So sure was he that the objects were cattle, that he ceased to watch them longer.

The woman's eye, however, followed the queer-looking cattle for some time, until they seemed to disappear under the outer works of the castle. Then feeling quite at ease, she thought she would sing again. Spring was in the evening air; and, perhaps, it was the joyousness of spring which made her sing.

Now, the name of the Black Douglas had become so terrible to the English that it was used to frighten the children, who, when they misbehaved, were told that the Black Douglas would get them. The little ditty I have quoted must have been very quieting to good children in those alarming times.

So the good woman sang cheerily:—

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye!
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye:
The Black Douglas shall not get ye!"

"Do not be so sure of that," said a husky voice close beside her, and a mail-gloved hand fell solidly upon her shoulder. She was dreadfully frightened, for she knew from the appearance of the man he must be the Black Douglas.

The Scots came leaping over the walls. The garrison was merry making below, and, almost before the disarmed revellers had any warning, the Black Douglas was in the midst of them. The old stronghold was taken, and many of the garrison were put to the sword; but the Black Douglas spared the woman and the child, who probably never afterwards felt quite so sure about the little ditty:—

"Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye:
The Black Douglas shall not get ye!"

Douglas had caused his picked men to approach the castle by walking on their hands and knees, with long black cloaks thrown over their bodies, and their ladders and weapons concealed under their cloaks. The men thus presented very nearly the appearance of a herd of cattle in the deep shadows, and completely deceived the sentinel, who was probably thinking more of the music and dancing below, than of the watchful enemy who had been haunting the gloomy woods of Jedburgh.

The Black Douglas, or "Good James, Lord Douglas," as he was called by the Scots, fought, as you will afterwards

read, with King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. One lovely June day, in the far-gone year of 1329, King Robert lay dying. He called Douglas to his bedside, and told him that it had been one of the dearest wishes of his heart to go to the Holy Land, and recover Jerusalem from the Infidels; but since he could not go, he wished him to embalm his heart after his death, and carry it to the Holy City, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre.

Douglas had the heart of Bruce embalmed and enclosed in a silver case, and wore it on a silver chain about his neck. He set out for Jerusalem, but resolved first to visit Spain and engage in the war waged against the Moorish king of Granada. He fell in Andalusia, in battle. Just before his death he threw the silver casket into the thickest of the fight, exclaiming, "Heart of Bruce, I follow thee or die!"

His dead body was found beside the casket, and the heart of Bruce was brought back to Scotland and deposited in the ivy-clad Abbey of Melrose.

Douglas was a real hero, and few things more engaging than his exploits were ever told under the holly and mistletoe, or in the warm Christmas light of the old Scottish Yule-logs.

Word Exercise.

Te′vi-ot	rĕv′el-lers	weapons	Jedburgh
wassail	Andalusia	(*wĕp′pns*)	(*jĕd′bŭr-rŭh*)
(*wŏs′sil*)	(*an-da-lu′she-a*)	haunting	Roxburgh
Doŭg′las	Sepulchre	(*hänt′ing*)	(*rŏx′bŭr-rŭh*)
Mel-rōse′	(*sĕp′ul-ker*)	găr′ri-son	dĭs-si-pa′tion
Gra-nä′dä	Je-rū′sa-lĕm	(*-sn*)	Ban′nock-burn

XXII.—BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

ELIZA COOK.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood
to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was
beginning to sink,
For he had been trying to do a great deed to make his people
glad,
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and so he became
quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as man could
be;
And after a while as he pondered there, "I'll give it all up,"
said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped, with its silken cobweb clew,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped to see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome, and it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home, King Bruce could not divine.
It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with strong endeavor,
But down it came, with a slipping sprawl, as near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed, to utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay, a little dizzy, and faint.
Its head grew steady—again it went, and travelled a half yard higher,
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below, but again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave attempts were counted.
"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more, ah me, 'tis an anxious minute,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door, oh, say will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch, put him into his native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out, "all honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair, he conquered, and why shouldn't I?"
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, and gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before, and that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read, and beware of saying, "I can't,"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead to Idleness, Folly, and Want.
Whenever you find your heart despair of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again, and remember the Spider and King.

Word Exercise.

ceil'ing (*sēl'ing*)	gŏs'sips	idleness (*ī'dl-nĕs*)	travelled (*trăv'eld*)
anx'ious (*angk'shus*)	grieved (*grēvd*)	mon'arch (*mon'ark*)	endeavor (*en-dĕv'or*)
	pŏn'dered		

Phrase Exercise.

1. Lonely mood.—2. His heart was beginning to sink.—3. Low despair.—4. Silken clew.—5. Ceiling dome.—6. Bruce could not *divine*.—7. Strong endeavor.—8. Slipping sprawl.—9. Bruce *braced his mind*.—10. Con over this strain.

XXIII.—THE FARMER AND THE FOX.

J. A. FROUDE.

A FARMER, whose poultry-yard had suffered severely from the foxes, succeeded at last in catching one in a trap.

"Ah, you rascal!" said he, as he saw him struggling, "I'll teach you to steal my fat geese. You shall hang on the tree yonder, and your brothers shall see what comes of thieving."

The Farmer was twisting a halter to do what he had threatened, when the Fox, whose tongue had helped him in hard pinches before, thought there could be no harm in trying if it might not do him one more good turn.

"You will hang me," he said, "to frighten my brother foxes. On the word of a fox they won't care a rabbit-skin for it; they'll come and look at me, but you may depend upon it, they will dine at your expense before they go home again!"

"Then I shall hang you for yourself, as a rogue and a rascal," said the Farmer.

"I am only what Nature, or whatever you call the thing, chose to make me," the Fox answered; "I didn't make myself."

"You stole my geese," said the man.

"Why did Nature make me like geese, then?" said the Fox. "Live and let live; give me my share and I won't touch yours; but you keep them all to yourself."

"I don't understand your fine talk," answered the Farmer; "but I know that you are a thief, and that you deserve to be hanged."

His head is too thick to let me catch him so, thought the Fox; I wonder if his heart is any softer. "You are taking away the life of a fellow-creature," he said; "that's a responsibility,—it is a curious thing that life, and who knows what comes after it? You say I am a rogue; I say I am not; but at any rate I ought not to be hanged, for if I am not, I don't deserve it; and if I am, you should give me time to repent." I have him now, thought the Fox; let him get out if he can.

"Why, what would you have me do with you?" said the man.

"My notion is, that you should let me go, and give me a lamb, or a goose or two, every month, and then I could live without stealing; but perhaps you know better than I, and I am a rogue; my education may have been neglected; you should shut me up, and take care of me, and teach me. Who knows but in the end I may turn into a dog?"

"Very pretty," said the Farmer; "we have dogs enough, and more, too, than we can take care of, without you. No, no, Master Fox; I have caught you, and you shall swing, whatever is the logic of it. There will be one rogue less in the world, any how."

"It is mere hate and unchristian vengeance," said the Fox.

"No, friend," the Farmer answered, "I don't hate you, and I don't want to revenge myself on you; but you and I can't get on together, and I think I am of more importance than you. If nettles and thistles grow in my cabbage-garden, I don't try and persuade them to grow into

cabbages. I just dig them up. I don't hate them; but I feel somehow that they mustn't hinder me with my cabbage, and that I must put them away; and so, my poor friend, I am sorry for you, but I am afraid you must swing."

XXIV.—A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Thomas Moore.

[Written on the river Ottawa in the summer of 1804.]

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utaw'a's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
O grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

XXV.—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

LONGFELLOW.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Him who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,—
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And the whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! Ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Oh! save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Word Exercise.

yeast (*yēst*)	aghast (*a-gast'*)	icicles (*ī'sik-kls*)	whistling (*hwis'ling*)
gored	steered	skip'per	fright'ed
wreck	frothed	Span'ish	haw'thorn
a-main'	sheeted	schoon'er	whoop'ing
lăn'tern	Găl'i-lēe	Hĕs'pe-rŭs	hŭr'ri-cāne

Phrase Exercise.

1. *To bear* him company.—2. *Fairy* flax.—3. Veering flaw.—4. Spanish Main.—5. The moon had a *golden ring*.—6. *Scornful* laugh.—7. I can weather the roughest gale.—8. *Stinging* blast.—9. Rock-bound coast.—10. In distress.—11. *Gleaming* light.—12. Stiff and stark.—13. Norman's Woe.—14. Fitful gusts.—15. By the board.—16. Whooping billow.

The blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

XXVI.—HOLLAND.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

DUTCH cities seem, at first sight, to be a bewildering jumble of houses, bridges, churches, and ships, sprouting into masts, steeples, and trees. In some cities boats are hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts, and receive their freight from the upper windows.

Mothers scream to their children not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned. Water roads are more frequent in Holland than common roads and railroads; water fences, in the form of lazy green ditches, enclose pleasure-ground, farm, and garden.

Sometimes fine green hedges are seen; but wooden fences, such as we have, are rarely met with in Holland. As for stone fences, a Hollander would lift his hands with astonishment at the very idea. There is no stone there, excepting those great masses of rock that have been brought from other lands, to strengthen and protect the coast. All the small stones or pebbles, if there ever were any, seem to be imprisoned in pavements or quite melted away. Boys, with strong, quick arms, may grow from aprons to full beards, without ever finding one to start the water-rings, or set the rabbits flying.

The water-roads are nothing less than canals crossing the country in every direction. These are of all sizes, from the great North Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap. Water-omnibuses constantly ply up and down these

roads for the conveyance of passengers; and water-drays are used for carrying fuel and merchandise.

Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn, and from barn to garden; and the

farms are merely great lakes pumped dry. Some of the busiest streets are water, while many of the country roads are paved with brick. The city boats, with their rounded sterns, gilded bows, and gayly-painted sides, are unlike any others under the sun; a Dutch waggon, with its funny little crooked pole, is a perfect mystery of mysteries.

One thing is clear, you may think that the inhabitants need never be thirsty. But no, Odd-land is true to itself still. With the sea pushing to get in, and the lakes struggling to get out, and the overflowing canals, rivers, and ditches, in many districts there is no water that is fit to swallow. Our poor Hollanders must go dry, or send far inland for that precious fluid, older than Adam, yet young as the morning dew. Sometimes, indeed, the inhabitants can swallow a shower, when they are provided with any means of catching it; but generally they are like the sailors told of in a famous poem, who saw

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink!"

Great flapping windmills all over the country make it look as if flocks of huge sea-birds were just settling upon it. Everywhere one sees the funniest trees, bobbed into all sorts of odd shapes, with their trunks painted a dazzling white, yellow, or red.

Horses are often yoked three abreast. Men, women and children go clattering about in wooden shoes with loose heels.

Husbands and wives lovingly harness themselves side by side on the bank of the canal and drag their produce to market.

XXVII.—EVENING HYMN.

JOHN KEBLE.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store!
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above!

XXVIII.—PSALM XXIV

THE Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down
In green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
For his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
For ever.

XXIX.—THE HEROIC SERF.

IN the dark forests of Russia, where the snow lies on the ground for eight months in the year, wolves roam about in countless troops; and it is a fearful thing for the traveller, especially if night overtakes him, to hear their famished howlings as they approach nearer and nearer to him.

A Russian nobleman, with his wife and a young daughter, was travelling in a sleigh over a bleak plain. About nightfall they reached an inn, and the nobleman called for a relay of horses to go on. The innkeeper begged him not to proceed. "There is danger ahead," said he: "the wolves are out." The traveller thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night, and, saying it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to. In spite of the repeated warnings of the landlord, the party proceeded on their way.

The driver was a serf who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved his master as he loved his life. The sleigh sped swiftly over the hard snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road seemed like polished silver.

Suddenly the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange, dull sound I heard just now?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

The child shut her eyes, and kept still for a while; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with fear, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely that is not the wind: I hear it again; do you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened, and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear, frosty air, he heard a sound of which he knew the meaning, though those who were with him did not.

Whispering to the serf, he said, "They are after us. Get ready your musket and pistols; I will do the same. We may yet escape. Drive on! drive on!"

The man drove wildly on; but nearer, ever nearer, came the mournful howling which the child had first heard. It was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent, and was in pursuit of them. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the wolves was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single you out the leader, and fire. I will single out the next; and, as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him. *That* will be some delay, at least."

By this time they could see the pack fast approaching, with their long, measured tread. A large dog-wolf was the leader. The nobleman and the serf singled out two, and these fell. The pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were soon again baying at the sleigh. Again the nobleman and his servant fired. Two other wolves fell, and were instantly devoured. But the next post-house was still far distant.

The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "Let one of the horses loose, that we may gain a little more time." This was done, and the horse was left on the road. In a few minutes they heard the loud shrieks of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. The remaining horses were urged to their utmost speed, but again the pack was in full pursuit. Another horse was cut loose, and he soon shared the fate of his fellow.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have

served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life. It is clear to me that we can not all reach the post-house alive. I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you."

"No, no!" cried the master, "we will live together or die together. You must not, must not!"

But the servant had made up his mind; he was fully resolved. "I shall leave my wife and children to you;

you will be a father to them: you have been a father to me. When the wolves next reach us, I will jump down, and do my best to delay their progress."

The sleigh glides on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it. The wolves are close on their track, and almost up with them. But what sound now rings out sharp and loud? It is the discharge of the servant's pistol. At the same instant he leaps from his seat, and falls a prey to the wolves! But meanwhile the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

On the spot where the wolves had pulled to pieces the devoted servant, there now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman. It bears this inscription: "*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

Phrase Exercise.

1. Heroic serf.—2. Famished howlings.—3. Bleak plain.—4. *A relay* of horses.—5. *Ordered* the horses *to be put to.*—6. Repeated warnings.—7. The moon began *to shed* her light.—8. *Pack* of wolves.—9. Had got scent of them.—10. To calm the anxious fears.—11. *Baying* at the sleigh.—12. Instantly devoured.—13. Fully resolved.—14. To delay their progress.

XXX.—THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.

Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:—
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming;
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

XXXI.—JOHN BROWN;

OR,

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife and a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door,
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown:
So of water drain a glass,
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love, and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown.
I love the meadow flowers,
And the briar in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope which raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But ever when I hate,—
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown,—
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasure of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

Phrase Exercise.

1. Large of heart.—2. Small estate.—3. *Drain* a glass.—4. Children's *early words.*—5. False pretence.—6. Common sense. 7.—Open face without guile.—8. Selfish knave.—9. Contented slave.—10. Simple song.—11. Awakes emotions strong.—12. Constant whine.—13. *Survey* the world.—14. Excuse the faults.—15. *Scorn* my health.—16. Sell my soul for wealth.—17. Sunny side.—18. Conscience *clear.*—19. Manage to exist.

If you wish to find my name look on page 140

XXXII.—THE OTTER.

THE otter resembles land animals in shape, hair, and general conformation, and the aquatic tribes in its manner of living and in its webbed toes, which assist it in swimming. It swims even faster than it runs, and can overtake fishes in their own element.

It is found in all parts of the world,—on tropical islands, in America, and on the bleak coasts of Alaska and Siberia. It is one of the great weasel family, as active and cunning in the water, as its land relations are in the field, or in the farm-yard.

The fish-otter—which is found around lakes and rivers in Canada, in the United States, in South America, and in wild parts of Europe—is a famous fisher. Its home is in the water, but it can travel over the land with wonderful swiftness, although its paws are webbed.

It is very fond of sliding down hill. On the slopes by ponds and rivers, it enjoys itself in a very odd fashion. It lies with its fore-feet bent backward, and pushes itself forward with its hind-feet, going down the snowy or muddy slope with as much pleasure as if it were a school-boy "coasting." A number of fish-otters thus amusing themselves must present a very ludicrous sight.

These furry little quadrupeds can stay a long time under water, swimming swiftly and without noise; so that the fish they follow seldom escape them. If the prey is small, the otters do not trouble themselves to go far with it, but bite off the most delicate morsels and throw the rest away. When they catch a large fish, however, they drag it ashore and feed upon it at their leisure. When fish are not plentiful enough, the otters, grown bold from necessity will attack ducks or any other waterfowl within reach. They are so strong, and bite so fiercely, that the animals they pursue may well regard them with terror.

Their habitations are really safe hiding-places. They burrow under the ground, and make the entrance of their "nest" under water; so that no land-enemies can pursue them: certainly, no water-foe can follow them into the hollow made by them in the bank. This proves that the crafty nature of the weasel is not wanting in the otter.

They dig upward four or five feet, or even more; and at

the end of the tunnel they make a little room, which they line with moss and grass, for the comfort of the baby-otters. This under-ground room has no need of windows; but it does need ventilation, and a minute air-hole, leading, like a chimney, to the surface of the earth, is an important part of otter house-building.

When taken young, otters can be tamed and taught to catch fish for their masters, being trained to hunt as dogs are trained for the chase. "I have seen one," says Gold smith, "go to a gentleman's pond at the word of command, drive up the fish into a corner, and, having seized upon the largest, bring it off in its mouth to its master."

Otters differ very much in size and color. Fish-otters are from two to three feet long, and sea-otters—the largest of the family—are somewhat longer. These sea-otters are very much prized for their soft, glossy, black fur. Some of the species, however are white, with a yellow tinge; others are dark-brown, with yellow spots under the throat. No doubt all of you have seen caps, and gloves, and other coverings made of the soft, warm fur of the otter.

Word Exercise.

weasel	leisure	trŏp'i-cal	resembles
(*wē'zl*)	(*lē'zhur*)	Sī-bē-ri-a	(*re-zĕm'blz*)
rē'al-ly	burrow	A-mĕr'i-ca	par-tĭc'-ū-lar
A-las'ka	(*bŭr'rō*)	lū'di-croŭs	vĕn-ti-lā'tion

Phrase Exercise.

1. General conformation.—2. Aquatic tribes.—3. Bleak coast.—4. *Wild* parts.—5. Odd fashion.—6. Ludicrous sight. 7. Furry quadrupeds.—8. Delicate morsels.—9. Crafty nature. —10. Minute air-hole.—11. Differ in size.—12. Much prized.

XXXIII.—THE IVY GREEN.

CHARLES DICKENS.

OH, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge Oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves.

As he joyously hugs and crawleth around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been,
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past,
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

XXXIV.—THE SEA.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go:
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

Word Exercise.

sighed	porpoise	bil'low-y	dol'phins
cradled	(*por'pŭs*)	foam'ing	(*-fins*)
tem'pest	creature	burst'ing	un-bound'ed

XXXV.—HO! BREAKERS ON THE WEATHER BOW.

SWAIN.

Ho! breakers on the weather bow,
And hissing white the sea;
Go, loose the topsail, mariner,
And set the helm a-lee;
And set the helm a-lee, my boys,
And shift her while ye may;
Or not a living soul on board
Will view the light of day!

Aloft the seaman daringly
Shook out the rattling sail;
The danger fled—she leapt a-head
Like wild stag through the gale;
Like wild stag through the gale, my boys,
All panting as in fear,
And trembling as her spirit knew
Destruction in the rear!

Now slacken speed—take wary heed—
All hands haul home the sheet;
To Him who saves, amidst the waves,
Let each their prayer repeat;
Let each their prayer repeat, my boys,
For but a moment's gain
Lay 'tween our breath and instant death,
Within that howling main.

XXXVI.—A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

Charles Dickens.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear-shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down on their beds, they always looked out

once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young—oh, very, very young!—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak, that she could no longer stand at the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive him.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them,

and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "No." She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling

son!" Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter." And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her—God be praised!" And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!" They whispered to one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And, O my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!" And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

XXXVII.—HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

LUCY LARCOM.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.

Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely: "Fishermen,
Have you—have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Word Exercise.

gay'ly	wrinkled	mischief	hoarsely
boughs	(*rĭngk'kld*)	(*mĭs'chif*)	(*hōrs'ly*)
voy'age	stitch'ing	No-vem'ber	whispering
shŭd'ders	lone'some	Newfoundland	(*hwĭs'per-ing*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. In a *mournful muse.*—2. Her heart's *adrift.*—3. Hale and clever.—4. Skies *aglow.*—5. No tear her *wasted* cheek *bedews.*—6. *Old with* watching.—7. Bleach the ragged shore.—8. Silently chase.—9. Twenty *seasons.*—10. *Hopeless* Hannah.

XXXVIII.—JACK IN THE PULPIT.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

JACK in the Pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath-day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Pencilled by Nature's hand
Black, brown, and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres,—
Low singing bird-voices,—
These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons;
I know by their sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the look-out, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed;—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest in his pulpit will say.

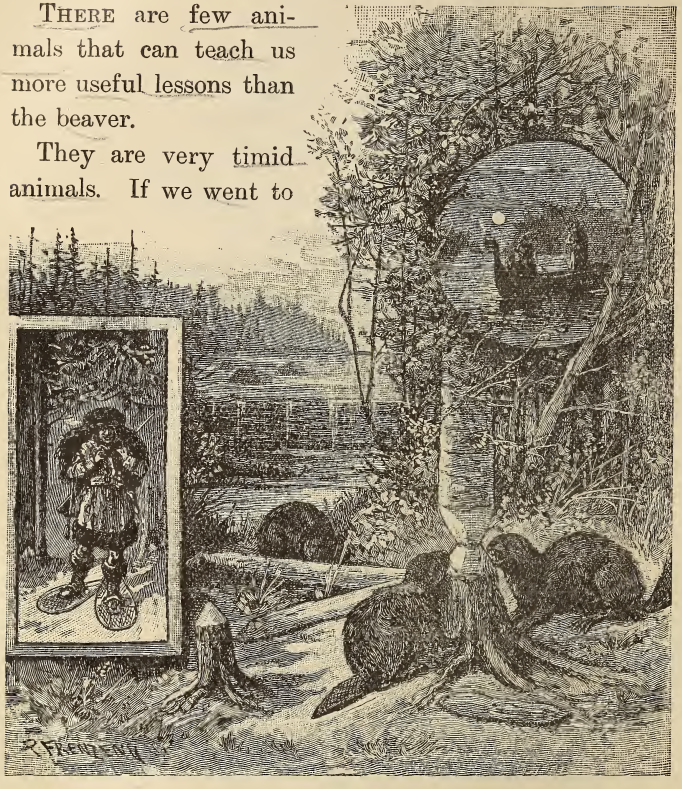
Look ! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie !
Who has been smoking
Profanely so nigh ?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
And the sinners, in haste,
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind, with the fragrance
Of fern and black-birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of the church !

So much for the preacher :
The sermon comes next ;—
Shall we tell how he preached it,
And what was his text ?
Alas ! like too many
Grown-up folk who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded to-day—
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss ;
But we looked at the people
And they looked at us ;
We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes ;
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit we heard not a word !

XXXIX.—THE BEAVER.

THERE are few animals that can teach us more useful lessons than the beaver.

They are very timid animals. If we went to



places where they are common, it would be very difficult to find them and see what they do.

The beaver is between two and three feet long, and one foot high, and is covered with brown hair. Its eyes are very small and far apart; its ears also are small and its nose

blunt. It has very strong, sharp teeth, and a long tail shaped somewhat like the blade of an oar. This tail has no hair or fur on it, but is covered with little scales like those of a fish. The hind feet of the beaver have a thin skin between the toes. This shows that the beaver is fitted for swimming. During the summer these animals live in holes near the banks of rivers. They are very social animals. They never live alone. They usually go in parties, and build a little "beaver town." They have some means of making known their wants to each other. They know they will be safer in water than on land, so they try to find a pond where they can build their town. If they can not do this, they will choose a running stream with some trees on the banks.

The first thing they do, is to make a dam, right across the stream. They have neither saws nor hatchets with which to cut down the trees; but they use their sharp, strong teeth, and gnaw and gnaw away, until they bring down tree after tree. These little wood-cutters know very well how to do this; otherwise the trees might fall and kill them. When they have gnawed nearly through the trunk, away they run to see if the tree is beginning to bend. If it is still straight, they set to work again; but the moment they hear it crack, off they run to keep out of danger.

When the tree is down, they gnaw off all the branches in the same way, and then cut the trunk into short pieces, and roll them down to the water's edge. Then they go to work at another tree, and still another, until they have cut down all they want. These logs of wood, kept in

their places by mud and stones, make a dam, and this dam stops the water and causes it to rise around their houses and cover the openings which are at the bottom, and helps to keep them safe from danger.

Then the houses are built of mud, stones, sticks, and small branches twined in and out to keep them fast. These houses are several feet high and are very thick. There are two rooms in them, one at the bottom, under water, which they use for a store-room, and the other, at the top, above the water, for a living-room. The floor of this room is covered with soft moss.

But these wise beavers know that they must have a store of food for the winter, as well as a snug little house to live in. They gather logs of wood and branches, and put them away in their store-room. The bark of these logs and some water plants supply them with food. When they are "at home" during the winter months in their "beaver town," they always have a sentinel to keep watch, and if any one comes near, he gives the alarm by striking the water with his broad, flat tail.

There are no idle beavers. They not only work hard, but with great skill and care.

Phrase Exercise.

1. Useful lessons.—2. Where they are *common.*—3. The *blade* of an oar.—4. *Social* animals.—5. Usually go in parties. 6. *Right* across the stream.—7. If it is still straight.—8. *Stops* the water.—9. *Twined* in and out.—10. For a living-room.—11. *A store* of food.—12. He gives the alarm.—13. *Supply* them with food.—14. They have a *sentinel to keep watch.*—15. Work with great skill and care.

XL.—THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

SAMUEL LOVER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is 'talking with angels.'—LOVER.

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

XLI.—THE RAPID.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

ALL peacefully gliding, the waters dividing,
The indolent bâtteau moved slowly along;
The rowers, light-hearted, from sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

More swiftly careering, the wild Rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them, no terrors affright them,
Their voices keep pace with their quickening speed:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Shivers its arrows against us in play;
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they're dashing, each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock—see it frowning! they strike—they are drowning!
But downward they speed with the merciless tide.
No voice cheers the Rapid, that angrily, angrily
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

XLII.—A NARROW ESCAPE.

In 1843, Livingstone, the celebrated traveller, settled as a missionary in Mabtosa, a beautiful valley in South Africa. Here he met with an adventure which nearly terminated his earthly career.

The natives of Mabtosa had long been troubled by lions, which invaded their cattle-pens by night, and even attacked the herds during the day. These poor people, being very ignorant and superstitious, thought that the inroads of the lions were caused by witchcraft. It was perhaps for this reason that all their attempts to drive away the animals were feeble and faint-hearted, and therefore unsuccessful.

It is well known that a troop of lions will not remain long in any district where one of their number has been killed. So the next time the herds of Mabtosa were attacked, Livingstone went out with the natives to encourage them to destroy one of the marauders, and thus free themselves from the whole troop. They found the lions on a small hill covered with wood. The hunters placed themselves in a circle round the hill, and began to ascend, coming gradually closer to each other as they approached the summit.

Livingstone remained, along with a native teacher, on the plain below, to watch the manœuvres of the party. His companion, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the circle of hunters, took aim and fired; but the ball only struck the stones at the animal's feet. With a roar of rage the fierce brute bounded

away, broke through the ring, and escaped unhurt, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him as he passed.

The band again closed in and resumed their march. There were still two lions in the wood, and it was hoped that fortune would favor a second attempt to destroy one of them. But suddenly a terrific roar echoed from the hill, and the timid hunters quaked with fear. First one of the lions, and then the other, with streaming manes and glaring eyes, rushed down through the wavering ranks, and bounded away, free to continue their devastations.

As the party were returning home, bewailing their want of success, Livingstone observed one of the lions about thirty yards in front, sitting on a rock behind a bush. Raising his gun, he took steady aim, and discharged both barrels into the thicket. "He is shot! He is shot!" was the joyful cry; and some of the men were about to rush in and despatch the wounded beast with their spears. But Livingstone, seeing the lion's tail erected in anger, warned them to keep back until he had fired a second time. He was just in the act of reloading, when, hearing a shout of terror, he looked round and saw the lion preparing to spring. It was too late to retreat. With a savage growl the frenzied animal seized him by the shoulder, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. The shock caused a momentary anguish, followed by a sort of drowsiness, in which he had no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though he knew all that was happening.

The lion's paw was resting on the back of his head, and as he turned round to relieve himself of the pressure, he

saw the creature's fiery eyes directed to the native teacher, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was making

ready to shoot. The gun missed fire in both barrels; and the lion sprang at his new assailant, and bit him in the thigh. Another man also, who was standing near, was

severely bitten in the shoulder; but at this moment the bullets took effect, and the huge beast fell back dead.

All this occurred in a few seconds: the death-blow had been inflicted before the animal sprang upon his assailants. Livingstone's arm was wounded in eleven places, and the bone crushed into splinters; and the injuries might have proved fatal but for his tartan jacket, which wiped the poison from the lion's teeth before they entered the flesh.

It was long ere the wounds healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this dreadful encounter. Thirty years afterwards, when his noble and useful career had ended among the swamps of Central Africa, and his remains were taken to England to be interred in Westminster Abbey, the crushed and mangled arm was one of the marks which enabled his sorrowing friends in that country to identify the body as that of David Livingstone.

Word Exercise.

resumed	West′min-ster	in-trep′id	ī-dĕn′tĭ-fy
(*re-zūmd′*)	dĕv-as-tā′tions	marauders	as-sail′ants
ĭg′no-rant	sū-per-stĭ′tious	(*ma-raw′ders*)	be-wail′ing
Mab-tō′sa	(*-stish′us*)	drow′si-ness	ad-vent′ure

Phrase Exercise.

1. Settled as a missionary. — 2. Terminated his earthly career.—3. Attacked the herds.—4. Feeble and faint-hearted. 5. To watch the manœuvres.—6. *A terrific roar echoed* from the hill.—7. *Quaked* with fear.—8. Streaming manes.—9. Wavering ranks.—10. Bewailing their want of success.—11. Steady aim.—12. *Discharged* both barrels.—13. A shout of terror.—14. Momentary anguish.—15. Dreadful encounter.

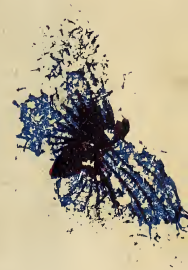
XLIII.—THE FAIRIES OF CALDON-LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

MARY HOWITT.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."



"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!

"And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

'And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

"'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn:

"'Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!

"And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low—
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!

"'Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!'

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

"And I peeped into the widow's field;
And sure enough were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

XLIV.—VOLCANOES.

IN various parts of the earth, there are mountains that send out from their highest peaks, smoke, ashes, and fire. Mountains of this class are called volcanoes, and they present a striking contrast to other mountains, on account of their conical form and the character of the rocks of

which they are composed. All volcanoes have at their summits what are called craters. These are large, hollow, circular openings, from which the smoke and fire escape.

Nearly all volcanoes emit smoke constantly. This smoke proceeds from fires that are burning far down in the depths of the earth. Sometimes these fires burst forth from the crater of the volcano with tremendous force. The smoke becomes thick and black, and lurid flames shoot up to a height of hundreds of feet, making a scene of amazing grandeur. With the flames there are thrown out stones, ashes, and streams of melted rock called lava. This lava flows down the sides of the mountain, and, being red hot, destroys everything with which it comes in contact. At such times, a volcano is said to be in eruption. Such is the force of some of these eruptions, that large rocks have been hurled to great distances from the crater, and towns and cities have been buried under a vast covering of ashes and lava.

The quantity of lava and ashes which sometimes escapes from volcanoes during an eruption, is almost beyond comprehension. In 1772, a volcano in the island of Java, threw out ashes and cinders that covered the ground fifty feet deep, for a distance of seven miles all around the mountain. This eruption destroyed nearly forty towns and villages. In 1783, a volcano in Iceland sent out two streams of lava; one forty miles long and seven miles wide, and the other fifty miles long and fifteen miles wide. These streams were from one hundred to six hundred feet deep.

Near the city of Naples, in Italy, is situated the volcano

Mt. Vesuvius. This fiery monster has probably caused more destruction than any other volcano known. In the year 79, A.D., it suddenly burst forth in a violent eruption, that resulted in one of the most appalling disasters that ever happened. Such immense quantities of ashes, stones, and lava were poured forth from its crater, that within twenty hours, two large cities were completely destroyed. These cities were Herculaneum and Pompeii.

At this eruption of Vesuvius, the stream of lava flowed directly through and over the city of Herculaneum into the sea. The quantity was so great that, as it cooled and became hardened, it gradually filled up all the streets and ran over the tops of the houses. While the lava was thus turning the city into a mass of solid stone, the inhabitants were fleeing from it along the shore toward Naples, and in boats on the sea. At the same time, too, the wind carried the ashes and cinders in such a direction as to deluge the city of Pompeii. Slowly and steadily the immense volume of ashes and small stones, blocked up the streets and settled on the roofs of the houses. The light of the flames that burst out from the awful crater, aided the people in their escape; but many who for some reason could not get away, perished.

Pompeii was so completely covered that nothing could be seen of it. Thus it remained, buried under the ground, until the year 1748, when it was discovered by accident. Since that time much of the city has been uncovered, and now one can walk along the streets, look into the houses, and form some idea how the people lived there eighteen hundred years ago.

XLV.—A SMALL CATECHISM.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

WHY are children's eyes so bright ?
Tell me why !
'Tis because the infinite
Which they've left, is still in sight,
And they know no earthly blight,—
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

Why do children laugh so gay ?
Tell me why !
'Tis because their hearts have play
In their bosoms, every day,
Free from sin and sorrow's sway,—
Therefore 'tis they laugh so gay.

Why do children speak so free ?
Tell me why !
'Tis because from fallacy,
Cant, and seeming, they are free ;
Hearts, not lips, their organs be,—
Therefore 'tis they speak so free.

Why do children love so true ?
Tell me why !
'Tis because they cleave unto
A familiar, favorite few,
Without art or self in view,—
Therefore children love so true.

XLVI.—CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

AMONG the most curious nests are those made by the birds called weavers. These feathered workmen serve no apprenticeship: their trade comes to them by nature; and how well they work at it! But then you must admit that Nature is a skilful teacher and birds are apt scholars.

The Baltimore oriole is a weaver, and it makes its nest out of bark, fine grass, moss, and wool, strengthening it, when circumstances permit, with pieces of string or horse-hair. This nest, pouch-shaped, and open at the top, is fastened to the branch of a tree, and is sometimes interwoven with the twigs of a waving bough. The threads of grass and long fibres of moss, are woven together, in and out, as if by machinery; and it seems hard to believe that the little birds can do such work without help.

The long, slender boughs of the willow are the favorite resort of the oriole; and here, in the midst of a storm, the bird may sit in its swinging nest, fearing no danger. What is there to dread? The trees rock in the wind, but the oriole's habitation is strong and well secured. Unless the branch from which the nest hangs be torn from the tree, the nest will endure the tempest and prove a safe shelter for the blithe little bird.

Many weaver-birds in Asia and Africa hang their nests from the ends of twigs and branches overhanging the water. This is to keep away monkeys and snakes, which abound in hot countries and are the greatest enemies birds have. The wise little weaver knows that the cunning monkey will not trust his precious life to a frail branch

that may break, and drop him into the water; yet the same frail branch is strong enough for the bird and its nest. In this case, the monkey is obliged to admit that the bird's wisdom is more than a match for his.

A very curious custom exists among a class of birds found in Africa, called "the social weavers." They begin

their work in companies, and build immense canopies, like umbrellas, in the tops of trees. These grassy structures are so closely woven that the rain cannot penetrate them. Under this shelter the birds build their nests, but no longer in company; the nest for each pair must be made by the pair without assistance from their neighbors.

The tailor-bird of India makes a still more curious nest

than that of the weavers: it actually sews, using its long, slender bill as a needle. Birds that fly, birds that run, birds that swim, and birds that sing are by no means rare; but birds that sew seem like the wonderful birds in the fairy-tales.

Yet they really exist, and make their odd nests with great care and skill. They pick out a leaf large enough for their nest, and pierce rows of holes along the edges with their sharp bill; then, with the fibres of a plant or long threads of grass, they sew the leaf up into a bag. Sometimes it is necessary to sew two leaves together, that the space within may be large enough.

This kind of sewing resembles shoemakers' or saddlers' work; but, the leaf being like fine cloth and not like leather, perhaps the name "tailor-bird" is the most appropriate for the little worker. The bag is lined with soft, downy material, and in this the tiny eggs are laid—tiny indeed, for the tailor-bird is no larger than the humming-bird. The weight of the little creature does not even draw down the nest, and the leaf in which the eggs or young birds are hidden looks like the other leaves on the trees; so that there is nothing to attract the attention of the forest robbers.

Another bird, called the Indian sparrow, makes her nest of grass, woven like cloth and shaped like a bottle. The neck of the bottle hangs downward, and the bird enters from below. This structure, swinging from a high tree, over a river, is safe from the visits of mischievous animals.

If all the stories about this Indian sparrow are true, the

inside of its nest is strangely adorned. Fire-flies are brought in by the bird and stuck to the walls with clay; whether they are placed there to light up the little home, or to dazzle the bats that infest the neighborhood, no one seems to know. Perhaps the truth is that the fire-flies are in the nest in imagination only. However that may be, the Indian sparrow is a clever workman.

Can you wonder that birds and their nests have always been a source of delight to the thoughtful enquirer?

"Mark it well—within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot.
Could make me such another?"

Word Exercise.

o'ri-ōle	căn'o-pies	fā'vor-ĭte	as-sĭst'ance
monkey	en-quīr'er	apprentice	mischievous
(*mŭng'ke*)	machinery	(*ap-prĕn'tis*)	(*mĭs'che-vŭs*)
Baltimore	(*ma-shēn'er-e*)	nĕç'es-sa-ry	ap-prō'pri-āte
(*bawl'ti-more*)	um-brĕl'las	im'ple-mĕnt	cir'cum-stance

Phrase Exercise.

1. Apt scholars.—2. Endure the tempest.—3. Obliged to admit.—4. A curious custom exists.—5. Downy material.—6. Attract the attention.—7. Strangely adorned.—8. Infest the neighborhood.—9. Clever workman.—10. Source of delight.—11. Thoughtful enquirer.—12. Mark it well.—13. Neatly finished.—14. With apprenticeship to boot.

XLVII.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

XLVIII.—TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Henry Kirke White.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds:

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

XLIX.—THE WHISTLE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

WHEN I was a child, seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly toward a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it.

I then returned home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, went into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for their whistles.

When I saw any one too ambitious of the favor of the great, wasting his time in attendance on public dinners, sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to retain it, I said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in politics, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

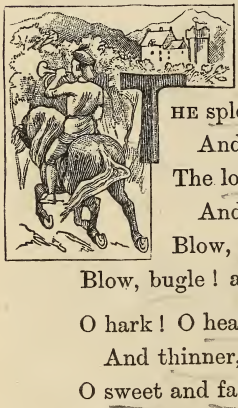
When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing the improvement of his mind, or of his fortune, to mere bodily comfort, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure: you give too much for your whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine horses, all above his fortune, for which he contracted

debts, and ended his career in prison, "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I believed that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

L.—BUGLE SONG.



TENNYSON.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die on yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer,—dying, dying, dying.

LI.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he: "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph: "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
Cried they: "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

LII.—THE FLAX.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE flax was in full bloom; it had pretty little blue flowers as delicate as the wings of a moth, or even more so. The sun shone, and the showers watered it; and this was just as good for the flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mother. They look much prettier for it, and so did the flax.

"People say that I look exceedingly well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long, that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am! it makes me so happy; it is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me. How the sunshine cheers me, and how sweet and refreshing is the rain! my happiness overpowers me; no one in the world can feel happier than I do."

One day some people came, who took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots; this was painful. Then it was laid in water as if they intended to drown it; and, after that, placed near a fire as if it were to be roasted; all this was very shocking.

"We cannot expect to be happy always," said the flax; "by experiencing evil as well as good we become wise.' And certainly there was plenty of evil in store for the flax. It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed; indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it.

At last it was put on the spinning-wheel. "Whirr, whirr," went the wheel so quickly that the flax could not collect its thoughts.

"Well, I have been very happy," he thought in the midst of his pain, "and must be contented with the past;" and contented he remained till he was put on the loom, and became a beautiful piece of white linen. All the flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece. "How wonderful it is that, after all I have suffered, I am made something of at last; I am the luckiest person in the world—so strong and fine; and how white, and what a length! This is something different from being a mere plant and bearing flowers. Then I had no attention, nor any water unless it rained. Now I am watched and taken care of. Every morning the maid turns me over, and I have a shower-bath from the watering-pot every evening. Yes, and the clergyman's wife noticed me, and said I was the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier than I am now."

After some time, the linen was taken into the house, placed under the scissors, and cut and torn into pieces, and then pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant; but at last it was made into garments.

"See, now, then," said the flax, "I have become something of importance. This was my destiny; it is quite a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, as every one ought to be; it is the only way to be happy."

Years passed away; and at last the linen was so worn it could scarcely hold together.

"It must end very soon," said the pieces to each other. "We would gladly have held together a little longer, but it is useless to expect impossibilities."

And at length they fell into rags and tatters, and

thought it was all over with them, for they were torn to shreds, and steeped in water, and made into a pulp, and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper.

"Well, now, this is a surprise; a glorious surprise too," said the paper. "I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me? This is wonderful luck!"

And sure enough, the most beautiful stories and poetry were written upon it, and only once was there a blot, which was very fortunate.

Then people heard the stories and poetry read, and it made them wiser and better; for all that was written had a good and sensible meaning, and a great blessing was contained in the words on the paper.

"I never imagined anything like this," said the paper, "when I was only a little blue flower, growing in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever be the means of bringing knowledge and joy to men? I cannot understand it myself, and yet it is really so. Heaven knows that I have done nothing myself, but what I was obliged to do with my weak powers for my own preservation; and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time I think that the song is ended; and then something higher and better begins for me. I suppose now I shall be sent on my travels about the world, so that people may read me. It cannot be otherwise; indeed it is more than probable; for I have more splendid thoughts written upon me than I had pretty flowers in olden times. I am happier than ever."

But the paper did not go on its travels. It was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book, or rather hundreds of books; for so many more persons could derive pleasure and profit from a printed book than from the written paper; and if the paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

"This is certainly the wisest plan," said the written paper; "I really did not think of that. I shall remain at home and be held in honor, like some old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. They will do some good. I could not have wandered about as they do. Yet he who wrote all this has looked at me as every word flowed from his pen upon my surface. I am the most honored of all."

Then the paper was tied in a bundle with other papers, and thrown into a tub that stood in the washhouse.

"After work, it is well to rest," said the paper, "and a very good opportunity this is to collect one's thoughts. Now I am able, for the first time, to think of my real condition; and to know one's self is true progress. What will be done with me now I wonder? No doubt I shall still go forward."

Now it happened one day that all the paper in the tub was taken out, and laid on the hearth to be burnt. People said it could not be sold at the shop, to wrap up butter and sugar, because it had been written upon. The children in the house stood round the stove; for they wanted to see the paper burn, because it flamed up so prettily, and afterwards, among the ashes, so many red

If you wish to find my name look on page 227

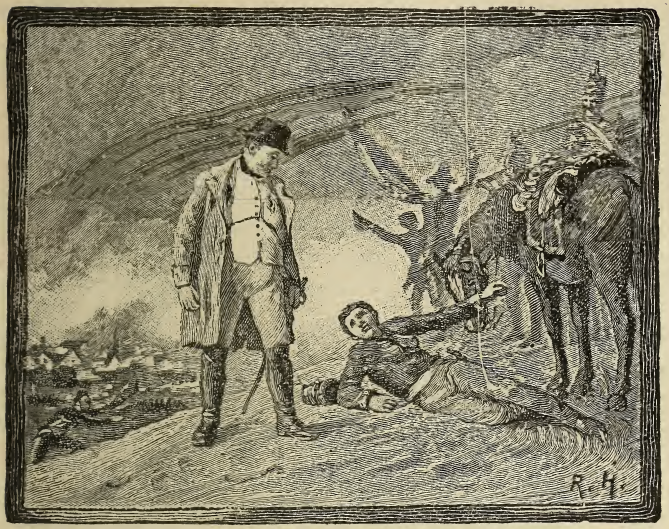
sparks could be seen running one after the other, here and there, as quick as the wind. They called it "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the schoolmaster. They often thought the last spark had come; and one would cry, "There goes the schoolmaster;" but the next moment another spark would appear, shining so beautifully. How they would like to know where the sparks all went to! Perhaps we shall find out some day, but we don't know now.

The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire, and was soon alight. "Ugh!" cried the paper, as it burst into a bright flame; "ugh!" It was certainly not very pleasant to be burning; but when the whole was wrapped in flames, the flames mounted up into the air, higher than the flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flower; and they glistened as the white linen never could have glistened. All the written letters became quite red in a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned into fire.

"Now I am mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flames; and it was as if a thousand voices echoed the words; and the flames darted up through the chimney, and went out at the top. Then a number of tiny beings, as many in number as the flowers on the flax had been, and invisible to mortal eyes, floated above them. They were even lighter and more delicate than the flowers from which they were born; and as the flames were extinguished, and nothing remained of the paper but black ashes, these little things danced upon it; and whenever they touched it, bright red sparks appeared.

LIII.—THE FRENCH AT RATISBON.

ROBERT BROWNING.



You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect,—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

LIV.—EGYPT AND ITS RUINS.

EGYPT embraces that part of Africa occupied by the valley of the River Nile. For many centuries, it was a thickly populated country, and at one time possessed great influence and wealth, and had reached an advanced state of civilization.

The history of Egypt extends through a period of about six thousand years. During this time great cities were built, which flourished for hundreds of years. Owing to wars and changes of government, many of these cities were destroyed, and nothing of them now remains but massive and extensive ruins. Pyramids were built, obelisks erected, canals projected, and many other vast enterprises were carried out. Remains of these are to be seen to-day, some in ruins, some fairly preserved, and, altogether, they give the present generation an idea of the wealth and power of the different dynasties under which they were built.

Not far from Cairo, which is now the principal city of Egypt, stand the famous pyramids. These are of such immense proportions, that from a distance their tops seem to reach the clouds. They are constructed of great blocks of stone. Some of these are of great size, and how the builders put them into their places, is a question we cannot answer.

It is supposed that the construction of the largest pyramid required the labor of thousands of men, for more than twenty years. It is four hundred and sixty-one feet high, seven hundred and forty-six feet long at the base, and covers more than twelve acres of ground.

Sixty-seven of these pyramids in all have been discovered and explored. They are the tombs in which the kings of ancient Egypt and their families were buried. To contain their coffins, which were made of stone, many chambers were constructed in the interior of the pyramids. It has been calculated that one of the principal

pyramids could contain three thousand seven hundred rooms of large size.

The bodies of those who were buried in the pyramids were preserved from decay by a secret process, which we call embalming, and which was known only to the priests. After the bodies were embalmed, they were wrapped in bands of fine linen, and on the inside of these was spread a peculiar kind of gum. Sometimes as many as a thousand yards of these bands were wrapped around a single body. After the bandaged body was thus prepared, a soft substance was placed around it. When this covering hardened, it kept the body in a state of complete preservation. These coverings are now called mummy-cases, and the bodies they enclose are called mummies. The bodies were finally placed in huge stone coffins, many of which were covered with curious carvings.

Some mummies have been found, that are said to be over three thousand years old. But, notwithstanding this great age, when the wrappings are removed from them, many of the bodies have been so well preserved, that the features present the appearance which they had in life. Large numbers of mummies have been carried off to other countries and placed on exhibition in museums.

The ancient Egyptians erected many obelisks in various parts of their country. These were monuments made from single pieces of hard stone, and in some cases they reached a height of more than a hundred feet. They were placed before gateways leading to the principal temples and palaces, and were covered with curious carvings, which represented the language of the people

at that time. Their written language was not composed of letters and words like our own; but they used pictures of animals, including birds, and also pictures of human figures, and other devices of a similar nature, to express their thoughts and ideas. These pictures are now called hieroglyphics.

Until the year 1799, scholars of modern nations were unable to read this strange language. In that year, however, a stone tablet was discovered by a French engineer, containing an inscription written in three different characters:—namely: first, in the hieroglyphics spoken of above; second, in a running hand also used by the Egyptians; and third, in the well known letters of the Greek alphabet.

By comparing the words of these inscriptions with many others, the proper method of interpreting this peculiar language was ascertained. It was then learned that the inscriptions on these obelisks were the records of memorable events, and of the heroic deeds of ancient kings and heroes.

Many of the obelisks have been taken from their positions in Egypt and transported with great labor to other countries. Nearly two thousand years ago, the Roman Emperors began to carry them to Rome, where they were set up in the public squares. Altogether, nearly fifty of these remarkable monuments were taken away and set up in that city. They were then, and are still, regarded as evidences of the wonderful ingenuity and skill of the ancients who first made them.

In late years, obelisks have been taken to Paris and

London, and more recently one has been brought to America, and set up in Central Park in New York City. This one belongs to the largest class, being nearly seventy feet high and about eight feet square at the base.

In their large cities, the Egyptians built massive temples which were dedicated to religious ceremonies. Some of them, although now in ruins, are considered to be among the most remarkable productions of the ancients. Tourists who nowadays sail up the River Nile and visit the site of the city of Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt, are struck with amazement at the vast ruins surrounding them.

On the eastern side of the Nile lies what is left of the temple of Karnak. Imagine a long line of courts, gateways, and halls; with here and there an obelisk rising above the ruins, and shutting off the view of the forest of columns! The temple is approached on every side by avenues and gateways of colossal grandeur. It originally covered an area of two hundred and seventy acres, enclosed within a wall of brick, parts of which are still visible, while the rest lie crumbled and broken.

It is difficult to realize the grand appearance of the thirty rows of stone columns standing within the wall. Some of those that are still perfect, are capped with enormous monolith capitals, and it is said that on one of them a hundred men could stand without crowding.

The hall itself is four hundred and twenty-two feet long by one hundred and sixty-five feet broad. The stones of the ceiling are supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns. The largest measures ten feet in

diameter, and more than seventy-two feet in height. They are covered with carvings and paintings whose colors are still bright, even after a lapse of forty centuries.

Gazing on what he sees around him, the traveller becomes lost in the effort to form some idea of the grandeur and vastness of the original.

Word Exercise.

Cairo	ob'e-lisk	căp'i-tals	cen'tu-ries
(*kī'rō*)	co-lŏs'sal	re-lĭg'ious	pro-pōr'tions
E'gypt	mŏn'o-lĭth	(*re-lĭj'us*)	cĕr'e-mo-nies
he-rō'ic	ĕn-gi-neer'	dy'nas-ties	mĕm'o-ra-ble
ăv'e-nūes	(*ĕn-ji-neer'*)	(or *dyn'as-ties*)	prĕs-er-vā'tion (*z*)
pyr'a-mĭd	ex-plōred'	dĕd'i-cāt-ed	hī-e-ro-glyph'ics

LV.—TO MY MOTHER.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,
Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away;
Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

LVI.—ZLOBANE.

MRS. GUSTAFSON.

ZLOBANE is the name of the mountain which was taken by storm from the Zulus by the British forces on the morning of the 28th of March, 1879. On the top of this mountain the victorious English troops, who had unsaddled their horses and cast themselves down to rest, were surprised and surrounded by the Zulus. Of the British corps only one captain and six men escaped. The young hero of the ballad was the son of Colonel Weatherly.

As swayeth in the summer wind
The close and stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields
That day on wild Zlobane;

The white shield of the husband,
Who hath twice need of life,
The black shield of the young chief,
Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
Secure as if they slept,
While close on front and either flank
The live, black crescent crept.

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
Upon the British ears,
With whirr of bullets, glare of shields,
And flash of Zulu spears.

Uprose the British; in the shock
Reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe,
And met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn,
In a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
And calm disdain of life;

Yet now, half turning from the fray,
Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet were left
An open way to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
Like tassels of the corn,

And lips yet curled in that sweet pout
Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently
To his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed,
And tossed the boy astride.
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life,
That way, my darling, ride!"

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
Leaped lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon its flank,
That with a quivering bound

It sprang and galloped for the hills,
With one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet
Clanged o'er the stony way.

"Father, I'll die with you!" The sire
As this he saw and heard,
Turned, and stood breathless in the joy
And pang that knows no word.

Once, each, as do long knitted friends,
Upon the other smiled,
And then—he had but time to give
A weapon to the child

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
The supple Zulus drew
The cruel assegais, and first
The younger hero slew.

Still grew the father's heart, his eye
Bright with unflickering flame:
Five Zulus bit the dust in death
By his unblenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child,
And they who found them say, in death
Each on the other smiled.

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Stalwart* grain.—2. *Serried* shields.—3. Unrecking harm.—4. The black crescent crept.—5. *Whirr* of bullets.—6. Reeled but an instant.—7. Met their *doom like men.*—8. Awful strife.—9. *Calm disdain* of life.—10. Shone like tassels of the corn.—11. Sweet pout.—12. Quivering bound.—13. *Spurning* feet.—14. Unflickering flame.—15. *Unblenching* aim.

LVII.—THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD.

AUDUBON.

THE most common, as well as the most beautiful, species of humming-birds, is the ruby-throat, a name given to it on account of the delicate metallic feathers, which glow with ruby lustre on its throat, gleaming in the sunshine like gems of living fire. From the tip of the bill to that of the tail, it measures about three and a half inches. The upper part of the neck, the back, and the wing-coverts, are of a resplendent and varied green and gold. The breast and lower parts are white, the wings purplish brown, and the tail partly of the same color, with the two middle tail-feathers of vivid green.

In the warm climate of the Southern States, the beautiful little ruby-throat is found throughout the winter; and as the summer draws on, the heat in the Northern States and Canada suiting its delicate constitution, it migrates in large numbers, appearing in Canada towards the end of June. The long flights of these tiny creatures are performed at night, it is supposed, as they are found feeding leisurely at all times of the day. When passing through the air they move at a rapid rate, in long undulations, now rising for some distance at an angle of about forty degrees, then falling in a curve.

Small as they are, from their rapid flight and meteor-like movements, they do not fear the largest birds of prey; for even should the lordly eagle venture into their domains, the tiny creature will attack him without fear; and one

has been seen perched on the head of an eagle, at which it was pecking away furiously, scattering the feathers of the huge bird, who flew screaming through the air with alarm, to rid himself of his tiny assailant.

Brave and high-spirited as is the little bird, it is easily tamed; and Mr. Webber, the naturalist, succeeded in securing several specimens. The first he caught did not flutter, or make the least attempt to escape, but remained quietly in his hand; and he saw, when he opened it, the minute creature lying on his palm, perfectly motionless, feigning most skilfully to be dead. As he watched it with breathless curiosity, he saw it slowly open its bright little eyes to see whether the way was clear, and then close them slowly as it caught his glance upon it. When a mixture of sugar, water, and honey, was brought, and a drop placed on its bill, it came very suddenly to life, and in a moment was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver teaspoon.

The nest of the ruby-throat is of a most delicate nature, the external parts being formed of bits of a little grey lichen, found on the branches of trees, glued together by the saliva of the bird. Bits of lichen are also neatly arranged round the whole of the nest, and to some distance from the spot where the nest is attached to the tree. The interior is formed of a cottony substance, and is lined with silky fibres obtained from various plants.

The difficulty of finding the little nests of the humming-birds is increased by a curious habit possessed by some of the species. When they leave or approach their home, they do so as if conscious that by the bright gleam of

their plumage they may give an indication of the place of their nest. Rising perpendicularly until they are out of sight, and then flying to the point under which their nest is placed, they drop down upon it as perpendicularly as they ascended.

The eggs are only two in number, and although somewhat larger than might be imagined from the size of the bird, are very small indeed. They are of a delicate, slightly pink, semi-transparent, white color, and have been well compared to pearls.

Could you cast a momentary glance on the nest of a humming-bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly hatched pair of young, not much larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from their parents, and could you see those parents full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from you, and waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of despair—you could not fail to be interested in such a display of parental affection. Then how pleasing it is, on leaving the spot, to see the returning joy of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched!

Word Exercise.

meteor	draught	feigning	lichen
(*mē'te-ur*)	(*draft*)	(*fān'ing*)	(*lī'ken*, or *lĭch'en*)
coverts	mī'grates	specimen	
(*kŭv'erts*)	in'ter-est-ed	(*spĕs'e-mĕn*)	as-sail'ant
do-mains'	un-du-lā'tion	dĕl'i-cate	re-splĕn'dent

LVIII.—TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble;
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble:
Trust in God, and do the right.

Though the road be long and dreary,
And the goal be out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary:
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish, policy and cunning,
Perish, all that fears the light:
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Fly all forms of guilty passion;
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion:
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from Man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule and surest guiding,
Inward peace and shining light;
Star upon our path abiding:
Trust in God, and do the right.

LIX.—SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

MARIE LACOSTE.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,—
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand had rested there,—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
"*Somebody's darling slumbers here.*"

LX.—SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

TENNYSON.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:—
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;—
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;—
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee;—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

LXI.—ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES.

MICHELET.

PETER HUBER, the son of the celebrated observer of the manners and habits of bees, walking one day in a field near Geneva, saw on the ground a strong detachment of reddish-colored ants on the march, and bethought himself of following them. On the flanks of the column, as if to dress its ranks, a few sped to and fro in eager haste. After marching for about a quarter of an hour, they halted before an ant-hill belonging to some small black ants, and a desperate struggle took place at its gates.

A small number of blacks offered a brave resistance; but the great majority of the people thus assailed fled through the gates remotest from the scene of combat, carrying away their young. It was just these which were the cause of the strife, what the blacks most feared being the theft of their offspring. And soon the assailants, who had succeeded in penetrating into the city, might be seen emerging from it, loaded with the young black progeny.

The red ants, encumbered with their living booty, left the unfortunate city in the desolation of its great loss, and resumed the road to their own habitation, whither their astonished and almost breathless observer followed them. But how was his astonishment augmented when, at the threshold of the red ants' community, a small population of black ants came forward to receive the plunder, welcoming with visible joy these children of their own race, which would perpetuate it in the foreign lands!

This, then, is a mixed city, where the strong warrior-

ants live on a perfectly good understanding with the little blacks. But what of the latter? Huber speedily discovered that, in fact, they do everything. They alone build; they alone bring up the young red ants and the captives of their own species; they alone administer the affairs of the community, provide its supplies of food, and wait upon and feed their red masters, who, like great infant giants, indolently allow their little attendants to feed them at the mouth. No other occupations are theirs but war, theft, and kidnapping. No other movements in the intervals than to wander about lazily, and bask in the sunshine at the doors of their barracks.

Huber made an experiment. He was desirous of observing what would be the result if the great red ants found themselves without servants,—whether they would know how to supply their own wants. He put a few into a glass case, and put some honey for them in a corner, so that they had nothing to do but to take it. Miserable the degradation, cruel the punishment with which slavery afflicts the enslavers! They did not touch it; they seemed to know nothing; they had become so grossly ignorant that they could no longer feed themselves. Some of them died from starvation, with food before them!

Huber, to complete the experiment, then introduced into the case one black ant. The presence of this sagacious slave changed the face of things, and re-established life and order. He went straight to the honey, and fed the great dying simpletons.

The little blacks in many things carry a moral authority whose signs are very visible. They do not, for example,

permit the great red ants to go out alone on useless expeditions, but compel them to return into the city. Nor are they even at liberty to go out in a body, if their wise little slaves do not think the weather favorable, if they fear a storm, or if the day is far advanced. When an excursion proves unsuccessful, and they return without children, the little blacks are stationed at the gates of the city to forbid their ingress, and send them back to the combat; nay more, you may see them take the cowards by the collar, and force them to retrace their route.

These are astounding facts; but they were seen, as here described, by our illustrious observer. Not being able to trust his eyes, he summoned one of the greatest naturalists of Sweden, Jurine, to his side, to make new investigations, and decide whether he had been deceived. This witness, and others who afterwards pursued the same course of experiments, found that his discoveries were entirely accurate. Yet after all these weighty testimonies, I still doubted. But on a certain occasion I saw it—with my own eyes saw it—in the park of Fontainebleau. I was accompanied by an illustrious philosopher, an excellent observer, and he too saw exactly what I saw.

It was half-past four in the afternoon of a very warm day. From a pile of stones emerged a column of from four to five hundred red or reddish ants. They marched rapidly towards a piece of turf, kept in order by their sergeants or "pivot-men," whom we saw on the flanks, and who would not permit any one to straggle. (This is a circumstance known to everyone who has seen a file of ants on the march.)

Suddenly the mass seemed to sink and disappear. There was no sign of ant-hills in the turf; but after a while we detected an almost imperceptible orifice, through which we saw them vanish in less time than it takes me to write these words. We asked ourselves if it was an entrance to their domicile; if they had re-entered their city. In a minute at the utmost they gave us a reply, and showed us our mistake. They issued in a throng, each carrying a captive in its mandibles.

From the short time they had taken, it was evident that they had a previous knowledge of the locality, the place where the eggs were deposited, the time when they were to assemble, and the degree of resistance they had to expect. Perhaps it was not their first journey. The little blacks on whom the red ants made this raid sallied out in considerable numbers; and I truly pitied them. They did not attempt to fight. They seemed frightened and stunned. They endeavored only to delay the red ants by clinging to them. A red ant was thus stopped; but another red one, who was free, relieved him of his burden, and thereupon the black ant relaxed his grasp.

It was, in fact, a pitiful sight. The blacks offered no serious resistance. The five hundred ants succeeded in carrying off nearly three hundred children. At two or three feet from the hole, the blacks ceased to pursue them, and resigned themselves to their fate. All this did not occupy ten minutes between the departure and the return. The two parties were very unequal. It was very probably an outrage often repeated—a tyranny of the great, who levied a tribute of children from their poor little neighbors.

LXII.—THE GRAY SWAN.

ALICE CARY.

"OH! tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip,—
"What little lad? What ship?"

"What little lad? as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away!"

"The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise:—
"The other day?—The Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir! here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on!"
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan!"—"And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,—
A sight to remember, sir!"

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw
(Taking it off, as it might be, so)
The kerchief from your neck,"—
"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick, and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! The man is going mad!
The best boy mother ever had:—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! What would you have?"

"Gone twenty years,—a long, long cruise,—
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse!
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?"—"Miserable man!
You're mad as the sea; you rave,—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt of blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"Oh God, my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
And is it—is it—is it you?
My blessed boy, my child,
My dead, my living child!"

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*Wordsworth.*

LXIII.—THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

COOPER.

"TOM," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned the cockswain with undisturbed composure: "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward. The easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward; and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping while he should have been working to windward."

"The fellow takes it coolly, too. He's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and doesn't know which way to head to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "He will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir, 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout. He threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as one could wish to see. He's a real oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed in joyous tones,—"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal." The men shouted spontaneously; and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal.

During the few minutes they were pulling toward their game, Long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern-sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half a whale line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with in place of the rudder which was unshipped, in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air; occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downward, and without apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise that sounded like the rushing of winds.

The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsman rested a few minutes; while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sank again into his native element and slowly disappeared.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, his eye brightening with the excitement of the sport. "He'll soon run his nose against the bottom if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air. Send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track.

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true; for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel for the first time into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain; and when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave the signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, Long Tom shouted with singular earnestness:—

"Starn, all!"

"Stern, all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance. Ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron; then casting his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, he disappeared with the quickness of lightning amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable. "Hold on, Tom! he rises already."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward; and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point before the terrified and wounded victim rose to the surface. His time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but as he ploughed his way along the surface he forced the waters aside with prodigious energy. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and it cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury it in the ocean.

When Long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts

on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried,—"Ay, I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits. "Feel your line, Master Coffin: can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creatur's way, sir," said the cockswain. "You know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man. But lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable. "A few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory,—

"No, sir! no! He's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir! starn off! the creatur's in his flurry."

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly

obeyed; and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport; but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and it seemed as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view.

Gradually these efforts subsided; and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

Word Exercise.

flukes	whiz'zing	un-shipped'	ma-nœu'vre
ras'cal	ap-pār'ent	(*-shipt'*)	(*mă-noo'ver*
pois'ing	cock'swain	launch'ing	or *-nū-*)
(*poiz-*)	(or *kŏk'sn*)	(*länch-*)	ĕv-o-lū'tion
im'pu-dĕnt	tur'bu-lence	con-jĕct'ure	for'mi-da-ble

Phrase Exercise.

1. To get an offing.—2. Has lost his reckoning.—3. *Right* whale.—4. Shouted *spontaneously.*—5. Solemn visage.—6. Crouching attitude.—7. Huge frame.—8. Utterly unnoticed.—9. Terrific force.—10. *Wanton exhibition* of his strength.—11. Singular earnestness.—12. Formidable antagonist.—13. Tremulous vibrations.—14. Promptly obeyed.

LXIV.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward, through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Word Exercise.

crisp	choir	par'son	bĕl'lows
honest	(*kwīr*)	smĭth'y	(*bĕl'lus*)
(*on'est*)	earned	sin'ew-y	re-joic'ing
toil'ing	(*ernd*)	mŭs'cles	(*-jois-*)
brawn'y	sex'ton	(*mŭs'slz*)	Par'a-dise

LXV.—THE MONSTER OF THE NILE.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

FEW creatures are so sly and wary as the crocodile. I watch them continually as they attack the dense flocks of small birds that throng the bushes at the water's edge. These birds are perfectly aware of the danger, and they fly from the attack, if possible. The crocodile then quietly and innocently lies upon the surface, as though it had appeared quite by an accident. It thus attracts the attention of the birds, and it slowly sails away to a considerable distance, exposed to their view. The birds, thus beguiled by the deceiver, believe that the danger is removed, and they again flock to the bush, and once more dip their thirsty beaks in the stream.

Thus absorbed in slaking their thirst, they do not observe that their enemy is no longer on the surface. A sudden splash, followed by a huge pair of jaws, beneath the bush, which engulf some dozens of victims, is the signal unexpectedly given of the crocodile's return—he having slily dived, and hastened under cover of water to his victims. I have seen the crocodile repeat this manœuvre constantly: they deceive by a feigned retreat, and then attack from below.

In like manner the crocodile perceives, while it is floating on the surface in mid-stream, or from the opposite side of the river, a woman filling her girba, or an animal drinking. Sinking immediately, it swims perhaps a hundred yards nearer, and again appearing for an instant upon the surface, it assures itself of the position of its prey by a steady look. Once more it sinks, and reaches the exact spot above which the person or animal may be. Seeing distinctly through the water, it generally makes its fatal rush from beneath,—sometimes seizing with its jaws, and at other times striking the object into the water with its tail, after which it seizes it, and carries it off.

The crocodile does not attempt to swallow a large prey at once, but generally carries it away, and keeps it for a considerable time in its jaws in some deep hole beneath a rock or the root of a tree, where it eats it at leisure. The tongue of the crocodile is so unlike that of any other creature that it can hardly be called by the same name. No portion of it is detached from the flesh of the lower jaw; it is like a thickened membrane extending from the gullet to about half-way along the length of jaw

I was one day returning from head-quarters to my station—a distance of a mile and a half along the river's bank—when I noticed the large head of a crocodile about thirty yards from the shore. I knew every inch of the river, and I was satisfied that the water was shallow. A solitary piece of waving rush, that grew upon the bank exactly opposite the crocodile, marked its position. So, stooping down, I retreated inland from the bank, and then running forward, I crept gently towards the rush.

Stooping as low as possible, I advanced till very near the bank (upon which grew tufts of grass), when, by slowly raising my head, I could observe the head of the crocodile in the same position, not more than twenty-six or twenty-eight yards from me. At that distance my rifle could hit a half-crown; I therefore made sure of bagging. The bank was about four feet above the water; thus the angle was favorable, and I aimed just behind the eye. Almost as I touched the trigger, the crocodile gave a convulsive start, and turning slowly on its back, it stretched its four legs above the surface, straining every muscle. It then remained motionless in water about two feet deep.

My horse was always furnished with a long halter or tethering-rope. So I ordered two men to jump into the river and secure the crocodile by a rope fastened round the body behind the fore-legs. This was quickly accomplished, and the men remained knee-deep, hauling upon the rope to prevent the stream from carrying away the body. In the meantime an attendant had mounted my horse and galloped off to the camp for assistance.

Crocodiles are very tenacious of life; and although

they may be shot through the brain, and be actually dead for all practical purposes, they will remain motionless at first; but they will begin instinctively to move the limbs and tail a few minutes after receiving the shot. If lying upon a sand-bank, or in deep water, they would generally disappear unless secured by a rope, as the spasmodic movements of the limbs and tail would act upon the water, and the body would be carried away.

The crocodile, which had appeared stone dead, now began to move its tail, and my two men who were holding on to the rope cried out that it was still alive. It was in vain that I assured the frightened fellows that it was dead. I was on the bank, and they were in the water within a few feet of the crocodile, which made some difference in our ideas of its vivacity. Presently the creature really began to struggle, and the united efforts of the men could hardly restrain it from getting into deeper water.

The monster now began to yawn, which so terrified the men that they would have dropped the rope and fled had they not been afraid of the consequences, as I was addressing them rather forcibly from the bank. I put another shot through the shoulder of the struggling monster, which appeared to act as a narcotic until the arrival of the soldiers with ropes. No sooner was the crocodile well secured than it began to struggle violently. But a great number of men hauled upon the rope; and when it was safely landed, I gave it a blow with a sharp ax on the back of the neck, which killed it by dividing the spine.

It was now dragged along the turf until we reached the

camp, where it was carefully measured with a tape, and showed an exact length of twelve feet three inches from snout to end of tail. The stomach contained about five pounds' weight of pebbles, as though it had fed upon flesh resting upon a gravel bank, and had swallowed the pebbles that had adhered. Mixed with the pebbles was a greenish slimy matter that appeared woolly.

In the midst of this were three undeniable witnesses that convicted the crocodile of wilful murder. A necklace and two armlets, such as are worn by the negro girls, were taken from the stomach! This was an old malefactor that was a good riddance.

I have frequently seen crocodiles upwards of eighteen feet in length, and there can be little doubt that they sometimes exceed twenty; but a very small creature of this species may carry away a man while swimming.

LXVI.—PRAYER.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal Throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray!

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

—*Psalm CIII.*

LXVII.—THE THERMOMETER.

ALL substances produce in us, when we touch them, the sensation of heat or of cold. The degree of heat of any substance is called its temperature; and the temperature varies from time to time, according to circumstances. Boiling water, for example, contains so much heat that it scalds the skin; but, when removed from the fire, the water gradually becomes less and less warm, until at last it contains so little heat that it cools the hand instead of scalding it.

Our feelings do not always give us true information about the temperature of the bodies by which we are surrounded. A person comes into a warm room from the open air on a cold day, and exclaims, "How warm it is here!" Another person enters the same room from one still warmer, and cries, "How cold it is here!" The first person gains heat, and therefore calls the room warm; the second loses heat, and calls it cold; while, in reality, the air of the room, all the while, is at the same degree of temperature.

A nurse prepares water for a child's bath, and measures the heat by the feeling of her hand; but she learns from the quick and sudden cry of the child, when placed in the bath, that what seemed warm to her is cold to the child.

These examples show that our sensations are not always a true test of temperature; and thus, if we wish to measure heat and cold accurately, we must have some instrument made for the purpose. Such an instrument

we have: it is called a thermometer, a word which means heat-measurer.

It was long ago noticed that bodies expand, or swell out, when they are heated; and that they contract, or shrink into less bulk, when they are cooled. This observation led to the construction of the thermometer; for to measure the expansion or contraction of a substance is the same as to measure the quantity of heat that has produced this effect.

The thermometer consists of a small glass tube of very fine bore and ending in a hollow bulb. The bulb is entirely filled with a fluid metal, called mercury, or quicksilver, which rises or falls in the tube according as it is heated or cooled. The space in the tube above the mercury is empty: it does not even contain air; for in preparing the instrument, sufficient heat is applied to the bulb to make the fluid, by expansion, fill the whole tube, which is then closely sealed at the upper end by melting the glass: the mercury sinks as it cools, and leaves the space empty.

The tube is fastened to a metal or wooden plate, marked so as to measure the expansion of the mercury. This is called the scale, and the divisions upon it are called degrees. The degrees are counted upwards from the bottom, and are expressed by placing a small circle over the number. There are three different scales in use; that commonly used in this country is called Fahrenheit's scale, from the name of the inventor.

When the tube of the thermometer is immersed in melting ice or freezing water, the upper surface of the

mercury stands always at the same point, which is called the *freezing point of water*. On Fahrenheit's thermometer this point is marked 32°. Again, when the bulb is held in the steam of boiling water, the mercury rises to a fixed point, which is called the *boiling point of water*, and is marked 212°. All bodies that are as hot as boiling water, raise the mercury to 212°; and all bodies that are as cold as freezing water, make the mercury shrink to 32°. The space between these two points is divided into 180 equal parts, each being called a degree. Similar equal divisions are carried below the point marked 32°, till 0° is reached, and this last point is called *zero*.

The tube of the thermometer may contain some other fluid than mercury; but, as this metal is in every respect well fitted for the purpose, it is most generally used in construction of the instrument.

The thermometer is one of the most useful inventions of science. It enables travellers to compare the climates of different countries, and to give us, who stay at home, a distinct idea of them. It is also necessary in the arts: it enables workmen to apply the exact amount of heat required in delicate operations, where a little excess might spoil the whole work.

Word Exercise.

scald'ing	Mer'cu-ry	in-vĕnt'or	dĕl'i-cate
(*skawld-'*)	im-mersed	sen-sā'tions	sur-round'ed
fast'ened	(*im-merst'*)	in'stru-ment	con-trac'tion
(*fas'snd*)	ex-păn'sion	op-er-a'tions	Fah'ren-heīt
ther-mom'e-ter	(*eks-păn'shun*)	tem'per-a-tūre	con-struc'tion

LXVIII.—GOLDEN DEEDS.

WHAT is a golden deed? It is something which we do for the good of others when we think more of them than we do of ourselves. And it is called *golden*, because the rarest and most precious things in all the world are the acts of unselfish men.

Let me tell you the story of a golden deed that was performed by Sir Philip Sidney. This brave English knight was fighting in the Netherlands, to help the Dutch in their struggle for liberty against the tyrant, Philip of Spain. In a fierce battle he was struck by a musket ball, which broke his thigh-bone. Thirsty and faint from loss of blood, he called for water.

He had just raised the cup to his lips, when his eye fell on a poor, dying soldier, who was looking longingly at the cool drink. Without so much as tasting it, Sidney handed the cup to the poor fellow with these words: "*Thy necessity is greater than mine.*"

Here is the story of another golden deed. A little boy, named Peter, who lived in Holland a long time ago, was once on his way home late in the evening, when he became alarmed at hearing water trickling through a sluice or gate in one of the many dikes which are so necessary for the safety of that country; for you must know that Holland is so flat and low that it is in constant danger of finding itself under water.

He stopped and thought of what would happen if the hole were not closed. He had often heard his father tell

of the sad disasters which had come from such small beginnings as this—how, in a few hours, the little aperture gradually enlarged until the whole defence was washed away, and the rolling, dashing, angry sea rushed in, and swept on to the next village, destroying life and property. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive; and the hole, even then, might become so large as to defy all attempts to close. What could he do to prevent such a terrible ruin—he, only a little boy? He sat down on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the passing of a villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the water that was trying to pass the dangerous breach. The remainder of the story is thus told by an American poet, Miss Phœbe Cary:—

He thinks of his brother and sister
  Asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
  Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
  They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
  Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
  Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
  Has been with her all the night.

And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done ;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun ?
Her neighbors bearing between them
Something straight to her door ;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before !

"He is dead !" she cries ; "my darling !"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears :
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life !"
So there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy,
And every head was bared and bent,
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then ; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do,
Who is brave, and true, and good ;
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.
They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years,
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.

And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
As long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea.

Now let us hear of a golden deed done more than two thousand years ago—a deed that has made the names of Damon and Pythias famous for ever.

In Syracuse there was so hard a ruler that the people made a plot to drive him out of the city. The plot was discovered, and the king commanded that the leaders should be put to death. One of these, named Damon, lived at some distance from Syracuse. He asked that before he was put to death, he might be allowed to go home to say good-bye to his family, promising that he would then come back to die, at the appointed time.

The king did not believe that he would keep his word, and said, "I will not let you go unless you find some friend who will come and stay in your place. Then, if you are not back on the day set for execution, I shall put your friend to death in your stead." The king thought to himself, "Surely no one will ever take the place of a man condemned to death."

Now, Damon had a very dear friend named Pythias, who at once came forward and offered to stay in prison while Damon was allowed to go away. The king was very much surprised, but he had given his word; Damon was therefore permitted to leave for home, while Pythias was shut up in prison.

Many days passed,—the time for the execution was close at hand, and Damon had not come back. The king,

curious to see how Pythias would behave, now that death seemed so near, went to the prison. "Your friend will never return," he said to Pythias.

"You are wrong," was the answer. "Damon will be here if he can possibly come. But he has to travel by sea, and the winds have been blowing the wrong way for several days. However, it is much better that I should die than he. I have no wife and no children, and I love my friend so well that it would be easier to die for him than to live without him. So I am hoping and praying that he may be delayed until my head has fallen."

The king went away more puzzled than ever. The fatal day arrived. Still Damon had not come, and Pythias was brought forward and mounted the scaffold. "My prayers are heard," he cried. "I shall be permitted to die for my friend. But mark my words. Damon is faithful and true; you will yet have reason to know that he has done his utmost to be here."

Just at this moment a man came galloping up at full speed, on a horse covered with foam! It was Damon. In an instant he was on the scaffold, and had Pythias in his arms. "My beloved friend," he cried, "the gods be praised that you are safe. What agony have I suffered in the fear that my delay was putting your life in danger!"

There was no joy in the face of Pythias, for he did not care to live if his friend must die. But the king had heard all. At last he was forced to believe in the unselfish friendship of these two. His hard heart melted at the sight, and he set them both free, asking only that they would be his friends also.

LXIX.—BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

Reginald Heber.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine!
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thy own!

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

—*Psalm XXXVII.*

LXX.—AGE OF TREES.

MAN counts his life by years; the oak by centuries. At one hundred years of age, the tree is but a sapling; at five hundred, it is mature and strong; at six hundred, the gigantic king of the greenwood begins to feel the touch of Time; but the decline is as slow as the growth was, and the sturdy old tree rears its proud head and reckons centuries of old age just as it reckoned centuries of youth.

It has been said that the patriarch of the forest laughs at history. Is it not true? Perhaps when the balmy zephyrs stir the trees, the leaves whisper strange stories to one another. The oaks, and the pines, and their brethren of the wood, have seen so many suns rise and set, so many seasons come and go, and so many generations pass into silence, that we may well wonder what the "story of the trees" would be to us, if they had tongues to tell it, or we ears fine enough to understand.

"The king of white oak trees," says a letter-writer in the year 1883, "has been chopped down and taken to the saw-mill. It was five hundred and twenty-five years old, and made six twelve-foot logs, the first one being six feet in diameter and weighing seven tons." What a giant that oak-tree must have been, and what changes in this land of ours it must have witnessed! It looked upon the forest when the red man ruled there alone; it was more than a century old when Columbus landed in the New World; and to that good age it added nearly four centuries before the ax of the woodman laid it low.

Yet, venerable as this "king of white oak trees" was,

it was but an infant, compared with other monarchs of the Western solitudes. One California pine, cut down about 1855, was, according to very good authority, eleven hundred and twenty years old; and many of its neighbors in its native grove are no less ancient than it was. Who shall presume, then, to fix the age of the hoary trees that still rear their stalwart frames in the unexplored depths of American wildernesses.

In England there are still in existence many trees that serve to link the far-off past with the living present. Some of them were witnesses of the fierce struggles between Nor-

man and Saxon when William the Conqueror planted his standard—"the three bannered lions of Normandy old"—upon English soil. Then there is the King's Oak, at Windsor, which, tradition informs us, was a great favorite with William, when that bold Norman first enclosed the forest for a royal hunting-ground.

The Conqueror loved to sit in the shade of the lofty, spreading tree, and muse—upon what? Who knows what fancies filled his brain, what feelings stirred his proud spirit, what memories, what regrets, thrilled his heart, as he sat there in the solitude? Over eight hundred years have rolled away since the Norman usurper fought the sturdy Saxon, and, for conqueror as for conquered, life, and its ambitions, and its pangs, ended long ago; but the mighty oak, whose greenness and beauty were a delight to the Conqueror, still stands in Windsor Forest. Eight centuries ago its royal master saw it a "goodly tree." How old is it now?

Older even than this, are the oaks near Croydon, nine miles south of London. If the botanist may judge by the usual evidences of age, these trees saw the glitter of the Roman spears as the legions of the Empire wound their way through the forest-paths or in the green open spaces in the woodland. Now, the Roman legions left Britain fourteen centuries ago, having been summoned home to Rome because the Empire was in danger,—in fact, was hastening to its fall. How wonderful, if fourteen centuries have spared these oaks at Croydon!

There is a famous yew that must not go without notice in our record of ancient trees. This venerable tree stands

Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders, again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

LXXII.—HEAT:—CONDUCTION AND RADIATION.

IN a former lesson you read a description of the thermometer, a useful instrument which enables us to estimate the temperature, or sensible heat, of substances.

All bodies, even the coldest, contain heat; and they have also a tendency to part with their heat to colder substances around them, until all have the same temperature. Thus, when you lay your hand on a block of iron or marble, heat leaves your hand to enter the less warm material and raise its temperature; and it is this abstraction of heat that produces in you the sensation of cold.

There is, then, a constant communication or transmission of heat from one body to another. This communication is effected chiefly in two ways—by *conduction* and by *radiation*. In conduction, the bodies are in contact; in radiation, they are at some distance apart.

If you push one end of a cold poker into the fire, that end will soon become warm, and the heat will be propagated from particle to particle through the poker, until the end most distant from the fire becomes too hot to be touched without injury. This mode of transmission is called conduction. Different substances possess this power in very different degrees. Thus, if instead of a poker you thrust into the fire a bar of wood of equal length and thickness, you will find that, even when the inserted end is in flames, the other remains comparatively cold, and may be handled with impunity. Hence we say

that iron is a *good* conductor, and wood a *bad* conductor of heat.

The conducting power of bodies depends in a great measure on the closeness of their particles—dense, solid substances being much better conductors than those which are light and porous. The metals are the best conductors, but they differ very much among themselves. The best is silver; the others stand in this respect in the following order—copper, gold, brass, tin, iron, steel, lead.

You will now understand why metals feel cold to the touch: it is because, being good conductors, they carry the heat rapidly away from that part of our body with which they are in contact.

Among the bad conductors of heat are fur, wool, cotton, silk, and linen; straw, paper, feathers, wood, earth, snow, water, and air; and loose bodies, such as sawdust and shavings, which contain a large amount of air in the spaces between their particles.

Our clothing, as you know, is made of wool, cotton, or linen. Can you tell why such materials are selected for the purpose? It is not, as many ignorant people suppose, because they are best adapted to *impart* warmth. The true reason is that, being bad conductors, they prevent the cold air and other objects around us from robbing us of the heat which is produced within our bodies.

When once you understand what is meant by conduction of heat, and can distinguish between substances which are good conductors and those which are not, you will be able to give a reason for many facts that must appear strange to every one who does not possess such

information. A little reflection, for instance, will enable you to explain why a linen garment feels colder to the skin than one made of cotton or wool; why a silver spoon becomes hot when the bowl is left for a few minutes in a cup of hot liquid; why a metal teapot or kettle is commonly furnished with a handle of wood or ivory; why ice may be preserved by being wrapped in flannel or covered with sawdust; why a pump, in frosty weather, should be encased in straw or matting; and why the farmer welcomes the snow, and regards it as a protection to his crops.

Every warm body has the power of sending out rays of heat, as a luminous body gives out rays of light. This mode of communicating heat is called *radiation*, and it serves, as we shall see, a very important purpose in the economy of nature.

When you stand before a fire, heat-rays stream forth from the burning fuel, and create in you the sensation of warmth. In this case, the heat of the fire is communicated to you, not by conduction, but by radiation.

Everything in nature is constantly radiating heat from its surface. If a body be surrounded by objects hotter than itself, it becomes heated by radiation; if it be exposed to the influence of objects colder than itself, it becomes cooled by radiation; and if the objects around it are neither hotter nor colder than itself, its temperature remains unaltered.

But though all bodies radiate heat, they have not all the same radiating power. Some substances possess this power in a far greater degree than others. The metals, though

they are the best conductors, are the worst radiators. This is particularly the case when they are polished. Dull, dark substances, and especially those which have a rough or scratched surface, are good radiators; light-colored and smooth substances, on the other hand, are bad radiators; and this explains why, as every good housewife knows, a polished metal tea-pot keeps tea warmer than a black earthen one—it does not part with its heat so readily.

Bodies which radiate freely have the power in an equal degree of *absorbing* heat; that is, they are as ready to take it in, as they are to throw it out again. Dark substances, therefore, must be good absorbers, as they are good radiators of heat. A very simple experiment will illustrate this fact very clearly. If you spread upon snow, in a place exposed to the sunbeams, two pieces of cloth of the same texture, one black and the other white, you will find, after some time, that under the black cloth the snow has been melted, but under the white cloth it remains as it was at first. The black material has been heated quickly and intensely; the white has not been heated at all: the former has *absorbed* the sun's rays; the latter has *reflected* them.

The laws of absorption and radiation enable us to explain many curious facts. Thus, dark-colored clothes are cold in the shade, because they are then radiating heat from our bodies; but they are warm in the sunshine, because they are then absorbing the heat that falls upon them from the sun. On the other hand, light colored clothes are warm in the shade, and cool in the sunshine.

Again, a dish-cover or metal tea-pot is kept as brightly polished as possible, in order to prevent the escape of the heat by radiation; a black earthenware tea-pot, on the contrary, has a dull and dark surface, so that it may be placed on the hob and absorb the heat. So, too, if a kettle is to heat quickly, the bottom and sides should be covered with soot, to absorb the heat; while the upper part should be bright, to prevent radiation.

It is radiation, also, that accounts for the deposition of dew. It is a common error to suppose that dew falls in the same manner as rain or mist, only in much finer particles. Dew, in fact, does not fall, but is formed on the surface of bodies by the condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere.

The air around us contains at all times a quantity of moisture in the form of vapor. Now this vapor has been formed from water by the action of heat; and it may again be turned into water by being brought in contact with objects that are cold. And this is just what takes place in the formation of dew. When the sun has set, the trees and grass and other objects on the earth's surface immediately begin to radiate the heat which they have absorbed from its beams during the day. The best radiators, of course, become cool most rapidly, and quickly condense the vapor that floats in the air around them; and in the morning we find those objects which radiate freely, such as blades of grass, leaves of plants, and floating cobwebs, covered with this condensed vapor in the form of glittering dewdrops.

Clouds, in a great measure, prevent radiation, and

hence the dew will be most plentiful on a clear and cloudless night. If the radiation continues till the temperature of the ground is very low, the dew freezes as it is deposited and forms *hoar-frost.*

You may see a smooth road or gravel walk quite dry in the morning, while the grass or box by its side is thickly coated with moisture. Why is this? It is simply because the road or walk is a bad radiator and cools slowly, while the grass and box, being good radiators, become rapidly cold and condense the vapor of the passing air into dew.

Thus by a wise arrangement, the cultivated fields receive an abundance of precious moisture, while not a drop is wasted on the bare rock, or the sterile sands of the desert.

Word Exercise.

ster′ĭle	precious	ĭg′no-rant	rā-di-ā′tion
pō′rous	(*prĕsh′us*)	il-lŭs′trāte	ăt′mos-phēre
text′ure	par′ti-cle	sen-sā′tion	(*ăt′mos-fēr*)
(*tekst′yure*)	se-lĕct′ed	dep-o-sĭ′tion	trăns-mis′sion
e-cŏn′o-my	lū′mi-noŭs	(*-zĭsh′un*)	(*trăns-mish′un*)
ab-sorb′ing	in′flu-ence	cŏn-dŭc′tion	ar-rānge′ment

Phrase Exercise.

1. Have a *tendency to part with* their heat.—2. Constant communication.—3. Heat will be *propagated.*—4. May be *handled* with *impunity.*—5. Adapted to impart warmth.—6. Regards it as a protection.—7. Exposed to the influence.—8. Remains unaltered.—9. A simple experiment.—10. Heated *intensely.*—11. Immediately begin to radiate.—12. Thickly coated with moisture.—13. Wise arrangement.—14. Cultivated fields.—15. Precious moisture.—16. *Wasted* on the *bare* rock.

LXXIII.—WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

LXXIV.—CANADIAN TREES.

JAMES BROWN, LL.D.

FIRST READING.—SOFT WOODS.

THE principal evergreen, or cone-bearing trees, natives of Canada, are *Pines*, *Firs*, and *Thujas*.

As every one cannot distinguish a Pine from a Fir, this lesson is illustrated with drawings, showing the peculiar character of each, so that any boy or girl may be able, when looking at a cone-bearing tree, to decide whether it is a Pine or a Fir.

Fig. 1 represents a small piece of the twig of a White Pine. On examination it will be seen that the leaves are needle-shaped, and spring from the young shoot in little tufts of fives, all issuing from one point. This arrangement and form of the leaf are peculiar to Pines, and should be kept in mind when examining a tree, in order to know whether it is a Pine or a Fir. Every Pine tree, however, has not *five* leaves issuing from one point; some have only two, and there are others, again, that have three.

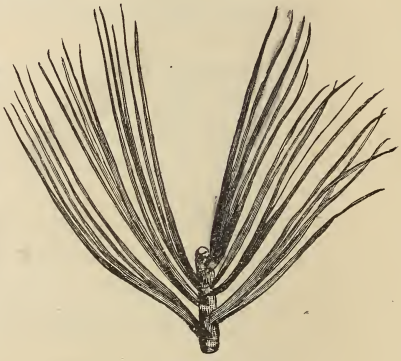


FIG. 1.

Fig. 2 represents a twig of the Hemlock Spruce Fir, a tree well-known to nearly every young person in Canada.

Looking at this illustration, we at once observe that the leaves are distributed *singly* on the young shoot, and stand out in two rows. In the case of a few species of Fir, however, the leaves are not thus arranged, but are scattered all round the twigs, being stiff and pointed, as shown in Fig. 3, which represents a twig of the common Black Spruce Fir. In all cases, Firs have their leaves springing *singly* from the twigs, an arrangement by which any child can distinguish them from Pines.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

Of all our native trees, Pines are considered the most valuable, as their timber can be used for almost every purpose for which wood is required, especially for house-building, ship-building, fencing, and railway construction. The two principal species are the White and the Red Pine.

The White Pine is one of the grandest trees of our Canadian forests. It grows to very large proportions on dry, gravelly lands, where it is not crowded by other trees. We often find individual pine trees rising to the height of 200 feet, with stems from four to six feet in diameter near the ground; but in general they may be said to reach 150 feet, with a diameter of about three feet. In the earlier settled parts of the country, the best

and largest trees of this species were cut down long ago; but thousands of fine specimens are still to be met with in the backwoods.

The Red Pine does not grow to so large a size as the White, nor is it found so plentifully in our forests. It is to be met with only on dry, gravelly knolls, and in rocky parts of the country, generally in patches of small extent, and seldom among other trees. Its timber is of the best description, and is much sought after by lumbermen. Owing to this cause it is now comparatively scarce. All Pines are reared from seeds, which may be found ripe in their cones in the month of November.

Although our Fir trees are, generally speaking, not so important as our Pines, still, there are two or three of them well worthy of being brought under notice here, particularly the Douglas Fir, the Hemlock Spruce Fir, the common Black Spruce Fir, and the Balsam Fir.

The Douglas Fir is not found in the woods east of the Rocky Mountains, but it grows in the immense forests of British Columbia to heights varying from 150 to 250 feet, with trunks from three to ten feet in diameter. A peculiar feature of this Fir is, that the bark on old trees is found from ten to fourteen inches thick. Where full grown, this grand Fir usually stands apart from other trees, and forms a majestic object in the landscape, being clothed with horizontal branches from the base to the top. The timber is exceedingly durable, and in its native province is much used for general purposes. It is also exported for ship-masts, the tall, clean stems making the best of material for this purpose.

The Hemlock Spruce Fir, most young people of Canada are acquainted with, as it is widely distributed, and found in many bushes of the country. In open situations, and on cool-bottomed lands, the Hemlock is a noble tree; while young it is very graceful in form, and when approaching maturity its horizontal limbs give it the appearance of the Cedar of Lebanon. Its timber, however, is not esteemed so highly as that of the Pine, being of a loose and open character. But, although this is the case, it is largely used for rough boarding purposes, as in building barns, and in making side-walks. The bark of this tree is valuable for tanning leather.

The Black Spruce Fir, or *Gum Spruce*, as it is often called, is very common on most flat and cool-bottomed lands in Canada, and also on the banks of lakes and rivers. It is a tall and beautifully formed tree, having a dark brown bark, and very dark green leaves. It is from these characteristics that it derives its name. It grows to a height varying from 70 to 100 feet, but the stems seldom attain diameters over two feet at the bottom. The timber, though light, is very tough and strong.

The Balsam is one of the handsomest members of this family. Commercially it is not of much value, but as an ornamental tree it is unsurpassed—its regular conical form, closely set branches, and deep green leaves, rendering it a conspicuous object in any landscape. The Balsam seldom exceeds forty or fifty feet in height.

Although the Firs, like the Pines, are reared from seeds which ripen in October and November, they may be grown

from cuttings of the young wood, as rare kinds sometimes are when their seeds cannot be had.

The Thuja, or *Arbor vitæ*, as it is generally called, is a very useful class of Canadian trees. It grows to a large size, and is found chiefly on the Pacific slope. There is only one species which is a native of Ontario, and to it alone we shall here refer. It is known to most people in Ontario under the name of the *White Cedar*. How it came to be called a *Cedar* we do not know; but its true name is the *Arbor vitæ*. This species is too familiar to the people of the eastern provinces of Canada to require any lengthened description, as many farmers have it growing in the swampy parts of their bushes, and find it useful for various purposes, especially as rails for fencing.

The leaves of this tree are so small, that to a casual observer, they scarcely appear to be leaves. If they are closely looked at, however, it will be seen that they are in opposite pairs, and lie flat and pressed on the twigs, each pair overlapping the other like the shingles on a house-top. When they are roughly handled, they give out a strong aromatic smell. The tree, although it grows to large dimensions—some times to eighty or ninety feet in height, with stems from two to three feet in diameter—cannot be considered an ornamental one, as its branches are too loose and open, and its leaves too small, to give it a clothed look. Its timber, however, is of the most valuable description, being very durable, and in this respect it is not surpassed by any other tree. Much of it is used for railway ties. The Thujas are all grown from seeds, but like the Firs, they may be reared from cuttings.

LXXV.—BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion, lay dying in Algiers ;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely ; and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars ;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline ;
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age;
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

There's another—not a sister;—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life,—for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look; he sighed, and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Word Exercise.

aye (*ā*)	strewn	vĭne′yard	Le′gion
Rhine (*rīn*)	(*strōne*)	(*vĭn-*)	(*lee′jun*)
dearth	Al-giers′	co-quĕt′ry (*-kĕt′-*)	Bing′en
(*derth*)	(*-jeers′*)	(or *ko′kĕt-ry*)	Ger′man

Phrase Exercise.

1.—A soldier of the *Legion.*—2. Pitying glances.—3. Take a *token.*—4. Ghastly pale.—5. Beheld life's morn decline.—6. Aye a truant bird.—7. To divide his scanty hoard.—8. Gallant tread.—9. A path beloved of yore.—10. *Soft* moon.

LXXVI.—CANADIAN TREES.

JAMES BROWN, LL.D.

SECOND READING.—HARD WOODS.

LET us now briefly describe the principal varieties of our Canadian trees which lose their leaves every autumn, and are therefore called *Deciduous Trees;* and first we shall begin with the Oak. There are at least thirty different species of Oaks found in our Canadian forests, all growing to a size that makes them valuable as timber. Most of them form noble specimens of ornamental trees, when they stand out free, and separate from each other. The White Oak, when so found, is one of the grandest objects in the vegetable kingdom. The seeds of the Oak, which are called acorns, are found ripe on the trees in October and November.

There are about ten different species of Maples found in our woods, all beautiful and ornamental trees. The Sugar Maple is a tree of especial beauty, and in the autumn months is remarkable for the brilliant color of its leaves. The seeds of the Maple are what is called *winged.* They may be found lying under the old trees in autumn.

The Ash is another valuable Canadian tree; and of this genus about twenty species are found in our forests. All are more or less valuable, both for their timber and for their ornamental qualities. Several of the species, especially those called the *White* and the *Black* Ash, are found upwards of 100 feet in height, with diameters, close to the ground, of three to four feet through. The timber is much prized for its toughness and strength, and is used

in the manufacture of implements, barrel hoops, and the wood-work of machinery. The Ash is always found on deep land, having a rather damp and cool bottom. The seeds are ripe in November, and may then be gathered from the trees.

Of the Beech, there is only one species found in Canada, but here and there varieties of it are to be met with, caused by difference of soil and aspect. It grows to a large size, when not closely surrounded by other trees. Its timber is held in high esteem; but as it does not last long when exposed to the weather, it should therefore be used for indoor purposes only. The Beech is not a long-lived tree, as it becomes matured within 150 years. It succeeds best on dry, gravelly soils. The seeds are called *nuts*, and are ripe in October, as every country school-boy knows.

The Sweet Chestnut is another of our timber trees deserving of notice. There is only one species of it to be found in Canada, and it is in all respects the same as the European Sweet Chestnut. It is a majestic tree, where found standing alone, and its timber is of a very durable nature, much sought after for many purposes, especially for posts and fence-rails. This tree grows best on deep, dry, and strong land, where it often reaches a height of 100 feet, with a proportionate trunk. The seeds are called *nuts*, and may be used as food.

The Hornbeam (or *Ironwood*, as it is generally called in Canada,) is a tree of moderate size, and is plentiful on the dry parts of our forest-land. It has much the same appearance as the Beech, but it is easily distinguished

from that tree by the curled edges of its leaves, and by its darker and rougher bark. The timber is very hard, of a close and compact texture, and is much used for farm purposes, where strength is required. The seeds of this tree are called *nuts*, and each is enclosed in a peculiar leafy substance, called by botanists a *perianth*.

The Walnut is found plentifully in most bushes in the southern parts of Ontario. It includes nine or ten species, all growing to considerable size, and forming very handsome trees, as for example, the *Black Walnut*, *Butternut*, *Pecan Nut*, *Hickory*, *Bitter Nut*, and *Hog Nut:* each having beautiful foliage. The Hickory is especially known for the toughness and other valuable qualities of its timber; and every boy is familiar with the delicious nuts which this tree produces. All these trees grow best on a deep, rich soil.

The Plane is another member of our Canadian forests deserving of notice, and is a tree of peculiar beauty. Its wide-spreading branches, clothed with large leaves, make it well adapted for shelter or shade. In Canada it is best known by the name of *Cotton-wood*, or *Button-wood*, and is also familiar as the *Sycamore*. The British name for it is the Plane Tree. It is found on deep, loamy lands, by the sides of our rivers and lakes, forming a tall, massive-headed tree, often upwards of 130 feet in height, with a trunk of from three to five feet in diameter. The timber is not held in high estimation, though sometimes used for furniture-making, and for some parts of the inner work of house-building. The tree can be grown from cuttings of the young wood.

The Elm in our woods is a stately tree, and often rises to the height of 140 feet, with a stem of six feet in diameter. There are several species of Elm, but the most important is the *White*, which, on deep and cool-bottomed land, attains the dimensions stated. Where individuals of this species stand alone, with all their limbs fully developed, they form grand and imposing objects. The timber of the various species is used in house-building and in the manufacture of agricultural implements. The seeds ripen in the early part of summer when they may be gathered and sown at once.

Of the Birch there are several species found in our woods, but the *Tall Birch* and the *Paper Birch* are the most important and best known. Both species are of graceful habit and foliage. The *Paper Birch* is particularly remarkable on account of its cream-colored, paper-like bark. Both kinds attain large dimensions in favorable soil, being often found from 90 to 100 feet high, with stems of two or three feet in diameter. It is from the bark of the Paper Birch that the Indians construct their canoes; hence it is often called the *Canoe Birch*. The timber of this tree enters largely into the manufacture of furniture, and for this purpose it is exported to Europe. The seeds are contained in *catkins*, which hang from the points of the branches, and ripen in October.

The Tulip may be easily known by its leaves, which are quite unlike those of almost any other tree, and much resemble a riding saddle. It grows to a large size, and is highly ornamental; its luxuriant foliage, together with its numerous greenish-yellow, tulip-shaped flowers, giving

it a fine appearance. The timber is soft, and of no especial value. There is only one species.

Of the Lime we have four different species in our woods, namely: the *Broad-leaved*, the *Downy-leaved*, the *Thin-leaved*, and the *Variable-leaved*. This tree is more generally known to Canadians by the name of *Basswood*. All the species are graceful trees, with sweet-smelling flowers. Many of them grow to a large size on rich, deep lands, often attaining the height of 120 feet, with stems ranging from three to five feet in diameter. The timber is white and soft, when newly cut up, but, as it becomes seasoned, it acquires firmness of texture, and when kept dry, lasts well in house-building. It is employed by shoemakers and saddlers for cutting-boards, and is well-suited for carving purposes.

LXXVII.—BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Phrase Exercise.

1. We buried him *darkly*.—2. At dead of night.—3. Misty light. — 4. *Useless* coffin. — 5. *Martial* cloak. — 6. *Bitterly* thought. — 7. *Lightly* they'll talk. — 8. Little he'll *reck*. — 9. *Random* gun.—10. *Sullenly* firing.—11. Field of his fame.

LXXVIII.—THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

FIRST READING.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of any thing else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved

any thing better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the largest pile of glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made.

Thus he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Pooh, pooh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself, whenever he wanted to be particularly happy.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck-measure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-

like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help.

And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room, one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking up, he beheld the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face.

Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over every thing, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden brightness in it. Certainly, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal.

Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of

intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room; and, when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

"I have done pretty well,—pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole lifetime to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray, what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know."

Midas paused and meditated. He felt sure that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come into his head to ask. So he thought and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough.

At last a bright idea occurred to King Midas.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive, after I have done my best. I wish every thing that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger's smile grew so bright and radiant, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun, gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves—for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a fancy. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

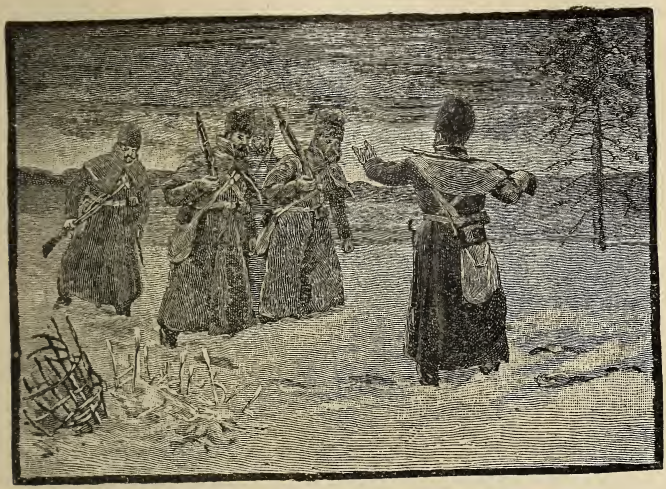
"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

LXXIX.—THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

LUSHINGTON.



"LEAVE me, comrades, here I drop,—
No, sir, take them on,
All are wanted, none should stop,
Duty must be done;
Those whose guard you take will find me
As they pass below."
So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
Fell amid the snow;
And ever on the dreary heights,
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks;
Duty must be done;

Far too few for half our tasks,
We can spare not one.
Wrap him in this ; I need it less ;
Fear not, they shall know ;
Mark the place, yon stunted larch,—
Forward,"—on they go ;
And silent on their silent march,
Down sank the snow.

O'er his features as he lies,
Calms the wrench of pain :
Close faint eyes, pass cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain ;
With far, soft sound, the stillness teems,
Church bells—voices low,
Passing into English dreams
There amid the snow ;
And darkening, thickening o'er the heights,
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark,
Down the others came,
Struggling through the snowdrifts stark,
Calling out his name ;
"Here,—or there ; the drifts are deep ;
Have we passed him ?"—No !
Look, a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow ;
Where heavy on his heavy sleep,
Down fell the snow.

Strong hands raised him, voices strong
Spoke within his ears ;

Ah! his dreams had softer tongue,
Neither now he hears.
One more gone for England's sake,
Where so many go,
Lying down without complaint,
Dying in the snow;
Starving, striving for her sake,
Dying in the snow.

Simply done his soldier's part,
Through long months of woe;
All endured with soldier heart,
Battle, famine, snow.
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow cold, in snow!

LXXX.—THE ROOT.

FIGUIER.

COMMIT a seed to the earth; plant, for example, a Lima bean, at the depth of two inches in moist vegetable soil. The seed will not be slow to germinate; first swelling, and then bursting its outer skin, a vegetable in miniature will, after a time, slowly reveal itself to the observer. In the meantime two very distinct parts make their appearance; one, yellowish in color, already throwing out slender fibrous shoots, sinks farther into the soil,—this is the *radicle*, or root; the other of a pale greenish color, takes the opposite direction, ascends to the surface, and rises above the ground,—this is the stem.

This root and stem are the essential organs of vegetation, without which, when we have excepted certain

vegetables of an inferior order, plants adorned with leaves and flowers cannot exist. How vast the difference between the verdant top of a tree, which rises graceful and elegant into mid-air,—not to speak of the flower it bears,—and the coarse, tangled mass of its roots and rootlets, without harmony, without symmetry! These organs, so little favored in their appearance, have, however, very important functions in the order of vegetable action.

The chief offices of the root are two: in the first place, it attaches the plant to the soil, holds it in its place, and prevents it from being overwhelmed by the elements. In the second, it feeds the plant by absorbing from the earth the sap necessary to its growth. How is this done?

The root branches again and again as it grows, throwing out numerous smaller branches. These hollow, thread-like rootlets suck up, from the soil, the water and other things, which are to go, through the stem or trunk and the branches, to all the leaves. Here these are made into the perfect sap, which, being distributed, causes the plant to grow, to blossom, and to bear fruit.

The manner in which roots succeed in overcoming obstacles, has always been a subject of surprise to the observer. The roots of trees and shrubs, when cramped or hindered in their progress, have been observed to exhibit considerable mechanical force, throwing down walls or splitting rocks; in other cases, clinging together in bunches, or spreading out their fibres over a prodigious space, in order to follow the course of a rivulet with its friendly moisture.

A celebrated botanist of the last century relates that,

wishing to preserve a field of rich soil from the roots of a row of elms, which would soon have exhausted it, he had a ditch dug between the field and the trees in order to cut the roots off from it. But he saw with surprise that those roots, which had not been severed in the operation, had made their way down the slope so as to avoid meeting the light, had passed under the ditch, and were again spreading themselves over the field.

There are some roots which are developed along the stem itself. These supplementary organs come as helps to the roots properly so called, and replace them when by any cause they have been destroyed. In the primrose, for example, both the principal and the secondary roots springing from it, perish after some years of growth, but the supplementary roots, springing from the lower part of the stalk, prevent the plant from dying.

In the tropical forests of America and Asia, the vanilla, whose fruit is so sought after for its sweet aroma, twines its slender stem round the neighboring trees, forming an elegant, flexible, and aerial garland, an ornament in these vast solitudes, at once grateful and pleasing. The underground roots of the vanilla would not be sufficient for the nutriment of the plant, and the rising of the nourishing sap would take place too slowly. But Nature makes up for this inconvenience by the air roots which the plant throws out at intervals along its stem. Living in the warm and humid atmosphere of tropical forests, the stronger shoots soon reach the ground and root themselves in the soil. Others float freely in the atmosphere, inhaling the moisture and conveying it to the parent stem.

A grand tree—the banyan, or the pagoda fig-tree—adorns the landscape of India, and presents the most remarkable development of aerial roots. When the parent stem has attained the height of some fifty or sixty feet, it throws out side branches in every direction, and each branch in its turn throws out supplementary roots, which descend perpendicularly in long slender shoots till they reach the ground. When they have rooted themselves in the soil, they increase rapidly in diameter, and soon form around the parent stem thousands of columns, each throwing out new lateral branches and new roots.

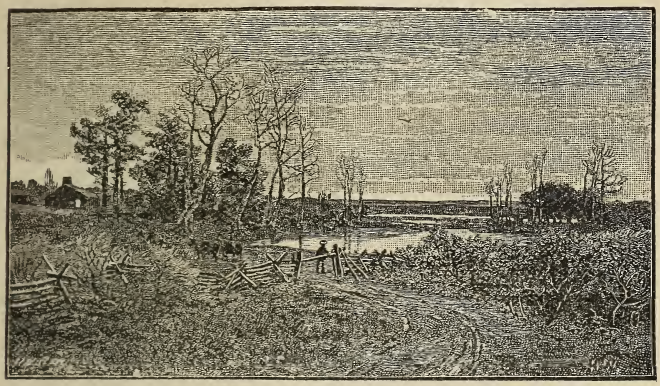
> "The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother tree, a pillared shade."

The natives love to build their temples in the intervals left between these roots of the wild fig-tree. A famous banyan tree on the Nerbuddah is said by Professor Forbes to have three hundred large and three thousand smaller aerial roots; it is capable of sheltering thousands of men, and thus forms one of the marvels of the vegetable world; it is, in short, a forest within a forest.

Roots constantly endeavor to bury themselves in the earth. They seem to shun the light of day; and this tendency is to be seen from the very first moment when the root shows itself in the seed. The tendency is so decided, and appears so inherent in the life of all vegetables, that if we reverse a germinating seed, placing it with the root upwards, the root and the stem will twist round of themselves,—the stem will stretch upward, and the root will bury itself in the ground.

LXXXI.—THE WATER FOWL.

BRYANT.



WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Glow* the heavens.—2. The last steps of day.—3. Rosy depths.—4. Pursue thy solitary way.—5. Might *mark* thy *distant flight.*—6. Darkly painted.—7. Plashy brink.—8. *Marge* of river.—9. Rocking billows.—10. *Chafed* side.—11. Pathless coast.—12. The *desert* and *illimitable* air.—13. Lone wandering.—14 Thy wings have *fanned the atmosphere.*—15. *Welcome* land.—16. *Sheltered* nest.—17. The *abyss* of heaven.—18. *Boundless* sky.—19. Certain flight.

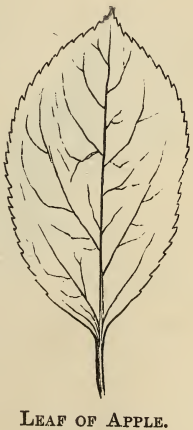
LXXXII.—SHAPES OF LEAVES.

GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

FIRST READING.

BY far the greater number of plants have leaves of an oval shape, and we have only to go through our forests and gardens to see them on every hand. Exceedingly varied are they indeed, from very narrow to very broad oval, some with toothed, some with smooth edges, and some even deeply notched; and yet to such an extent does this tendency toward a rounded form prevail, that there seems scarcely a plant in whose leaves a trace of the oval may not be found.

The apple tree gives us a good specimen of an oval leaf; and an immense number of plants have leaves resembling it in shape. In many plants, the leaves are almost the very counterpart of those of the apple-tree; in some, they are narrower, and in others, still narrower, till we come to very slender blades like those of the grasses; and then, beyond still, to the needle-like leaves of the pines. On the other hand, plants are to be found with leaves broader than the apple-leaf; and so on, rounder and rounder, until we come to such plants as the nasturtium and the water-lily, whose leaves are almost as round as circles.



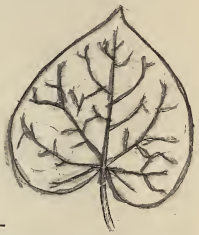
LEAF OF APPLE.

There are certainly to be met with most remarkable

departures from the oval shape, and we need but refer to such leaves as those of the buckwheat, to find that roundness seems to be entirely absent.

BUCKWHEAT LEAF.

This style of leaf, of which there are many variations, is apparently built on the model of the heart-shaped leaf, of which the morning-glory affords a familiar example. It will be noted, however, that instead of the curvilinear flow of outline, in which a tendency to oval roundness is plainly visible, the hastate leaf of the buckwheat is angular throughout.



MORNING-GLORY LEAF.

Another marked characteristic of most leaves is, that they terminate in a point, either sharp to extreme slenderness, or blunt to broad roundness; for even in a circular leaf there is one point which is its extremity, and to which the margin from either side approaches by a convexity. To this pointedness of leaves the exceptions are exceedingly rare. A plant found in some parts of our own country—the magnificent tulip-tree—presents, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all.

LEAF OF TULIP-TREE.

Now this leaf comes out of a bud-case which is actually oval. The young leaf is folded double inside of its bud-case; and, besides, its small stalk is bent over so as to bring the little leaf to hold its end downwards. We can see this curious arrangement very well, just after the

bud has opened, and the young leaf has come out. However, it soon straightens up, holds its little head aloft, and looks like a pretty little flag. After this it spreads apart into the full leaf, and stands up like a banner. If the bud be held up to the light, the young leaf can be seen nicely folded up inside, with its head snugly bent down. There is nothing prettier, or more curious, to be seen in the woods, than the young buds of the tulip-trees, when they are about to open, or after they have unfurled their little flags; and all summer long, even from earliest spring, the tulip-trees are continually unfolding their buds.

OPENING LEAF-BUD OF TULIP-TREE.

EARLY LEAF-BUD OF TULIP-TREE.

There are leaves broader above than below, and some, instead of ending in a point, have a notch or indentation of some sort. Oak-trees give us many fine and varied samples of notched and lobed leaves. And yet the leaf of the chestnut-oak is not at all notched, being simply ovate, pointed, and toothed. The leaves of the bur and the pin oaks, on the contrary, are lobed and notched, and are therefore characteristic oak-leaves, while those of the chestnut-oak are not so, because almost all oaks have leaves more or less scalloped or deeply indented.

CHESTNUT-OAK LEAF.

Great as is the variety in the shapes of oak leaves, any

one of them would almost surely be at once recognized as belonging to an oak-tree by its peculiar scallopings. But suppose a person had never seen or heard of a chestnut-oak leaf, would he be likely to recognize such a leaf simply by its outline? There is still another oak with simple leaves; and they are not even toothed, but entirely smooth all around the edge. Looking at that tree, which is called the willow-oak, scarcely any-one would suppose it to be an oak unless he could see its flowers or its fruit, the acorns.

BUR-OAK LEAF.

PIN-OAK LEAF.

This fact brings us to consider a very important point in the study of a plant. It is not the leaf which tells us what kind of plant it is: it is the flower and the fruit. Whatever be the shape of the leaf, if the plant bears acorns it is an oak. If a tree has cherries and cherry blossoms, it is a cherry.

It is true that, in many families of plants, leaves, by their shape alone, announce at once the kind of plant to which they belong; at the same time there is a large number of plants that cannot be known by their leaves, but only by their flowers and fruits. It is by flowers and fruits that plants are classified; and the more nearly alike these are in two plants, the more closely are those plants related. The flower and the fruit proclaim the nature of the plant. "A tree is known by its fruit."

LXXXIII.—THE BROOK.

TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coots and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Phillip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

LXXXIV.—SHAPES OF LEAVES.

GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

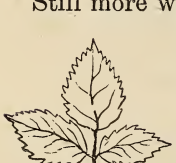
SECOND READING.

ALTHOUGH the flower and its fruit tell us what the plant is, and leaves do not with any certainty, there is yet a strong similarity, as well in texture as in shape, in the leaves of most of the plants comprised within any one family. Especially in texture is this marked similarity observable; and, perhaps, in most cases the peculiar structure of the leaf, aside from its shape, is indicative of the order to which the plant belongs. The leaves of the

grasses are very much alike; so are the leaves of the sedges;—and though it is true, also, that in some instances a sedge-leaf might be mistaken for a grass-leaf, it must be remembered that the sedge family and the grass family have some points of similarity.

Again, if we should come upon a plant belonging to the common potato or nightshade family, we should be almost sure to recognize the family resemblance at the very first glance, provided we were already familiar with a number of plants included in that order. Yet the leaves of the nightshade family vary considerably in shape, and it is therefore decisively the texture and peculiar appearance of the leaves, that announce the kinship of the plant. And thus we are led back to the consideration of the willow-oak and chestnut-oak leaves, which, entirely unlike the typical oak-leaf in shape, are yet very much like all other oak leaves in texture and other essential structure.

Still more widely divided than oak leaves, are such as are called pinnate, in which the separated parts are actually distinct leaflets, some even provided with stalks. Such compound leaves may be seen in almost every garden by looking at a rose-bush. In the cut, we see what appears to be five distinct leaves attached to one twig; but the fact is that they are only leaflets, and, together with the stalk which bears them all, constitute but one complete leaf. Each of these leaflets has a short stalk, connecting it with the main stem, which passes



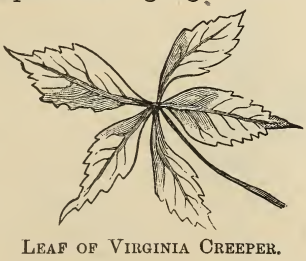
LEAF OF THE ROSE.

between the pairs, and has an odd leaflet at the end. A rose-bush may have leaves of seven or nine leaflets.

Among our forest trees, hickory, walnut, butternut, locust, and ash have pinnate leaves; and on the honey-locust not only are the leaves pinnate, but on the same tree, may also be found leaves doubly pinnate, and even tripinnate. Compound leaves may be seen also in the pea-vine, which is simply pinnate; but here the place of the absent terminal leaflet is supplied by a tendril.

But if we examine a bean-plant, we do find an odd leaf, together with a pair of leaflets; that is, each leaf is composed of three leaflets. The many varieties of bean-plants are all thus three-leaved. Besides, the woods are full of three-leaved plants, belonging to other kinds of the bean or pulse order of plants. In addition to these and some others, we must not overlook a most extraordinary three-leaved plant, plentiful in almost every forest, and on almost every stone-fence in the country; only too well known by persons who have been poisoned by it, and yet not so well known by most people as it ought to be, for it is often confounded with a plant having digitate leaves.

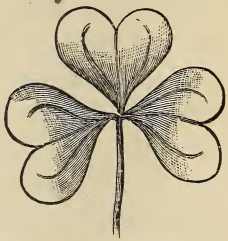
LEAF OF POISON-VINE.



LEAF OF VIRGINIA CREEPER.

Here, side by side, the forms of the two leaves can be compared. On the right is the digitate leaf of the beautiful

Virginia creeper, entirely harmless; on the left is the pinnate leaf of the poison-vine. The innocent plant is *five*-leaved; the noxious plant is *three*-leaved. But we should also notice particularly that the arrangement of the leaflets is quite different in the two plants. In the poison-vine, we see a pair of leaflets and a terminal odd one; whereas in the Virginia creeper, there is no pairing of leaflets whatever, but the five parts radiate from a centre. All the leaflets come out together from one point at the tip of the leaf-stalk.



LEAFLET OF WOOD-SORREL.

Plants there are with digitate leaves, having three, five, seven, nine, or more leaflets. Clover has digitate leaves of three leaflets, while the leaves of the buck-eye and horse-chestnut have five, seven, and nine leaflets. The pretty little wood-sorrel plant of small yellow flowers, has three most beautiful, inverted, heart-shaped leaflets, radiating from the tip of the little leaf-stalk.

MAPLE LEAF.

In leaves like those of the maple we see the main veins radiating from a point at the top of the stalk. Such leaves are therefore much like the digitate kind, only they are not completely divided into separate leaflets.

Sassafras leaves offer forms something different. On the same tree may be seen oval, two-lobed, and three-lobed leaves. Thus on one and the same plant, we see leaves

strikingly different in form; yet the texture, the color, and the veining are exactly after the same pattern in them all, so that a sassafras leaf, whether oval or cleft, can at once be easily known.

Recalling to mind the leaf of the apple, buckwheat, morning-glory, oak, rose, Virginia creeper, maple, and sassafras, we have pretty good models after which nearly all leaves are built, approximating to one or other of these, with certain variations peculiar to the species.

Another important matter regarding the leaves of plants, is their relative position on the stems. There are two principal and very marked arrangements of leaves. Leaves are either opposite one another on the stem, or they are alternate or not opposite. There are whole orders of plants with none but opposite leaves, as the mint family. In other orders, the leaves of every plant are alternate. And again, in some orders, and even on the same plants, are found both opposite and alternate leaves, as in the composite or sunflower family; and a single wild sunflower plant itself has opposite leaves below, and alternate leaves above.

Of our forest trees, there are very few species with opposite leaves. If you see that the branches and leaves of a tree do not stand one opposite another on the stem, you can at once be sure that it is not an ash, a maple, or a buckeye, because all these trees do have opposite leaves. On the other hand, there are many trees having alternate branches and leaves, such as the oak, chestnut, elm, hickory, walnut, butternut, tulip-tree, alder, beech, birch, poplar, willow, mulberry, linden, locust, and others.

LXXXV.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth;—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;—

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the Judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God?

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of him He loved so well!

LXXXVI.—THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

SECOND READING.

WHETHER Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. But when the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head, it seemed to him that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at every thing that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand,—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table; at his first touch, it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with now-a-days; but on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible.

He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which

retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him; that was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days, spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings; else, how could Midas have had any? To his great perplexity, however, excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world; for, on taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient, that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

"It is no great matter, nevertheless," said he to himself, very philosophically. "We can not expect any great good, without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles at least, if not of one's very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and

little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me." Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went down stairs, and smiled on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it, in his descent. He lifted the door-latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world; so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet soothing, did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most untiringly; until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and can not stop now to investigate. To the best of my knowledge, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh

boiled eggs, and coffee for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage, crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the most cheerful little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a tear in a twelvemonth.

When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and changed it into gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray, what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed into gold.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child, between her sobs, "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever

grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But oh, dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a sad thing! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly, and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?"

"Pooh, my dear little girl,—pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down, and eat your bread and milk. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years), for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously away. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful change in her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses that were painted on the outside of the bowl; and those ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set

it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and golden coffee-pots.

Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Take your milk before it gets quite cold."

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed from a brook-trout into a gold fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when, to his cruel mortification, though a moment before, it had been of the whitest wheat, it

assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. Its solidity and increased weight made him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to that of the trout and the cake.

"Well, this is terrible!" thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

Hoping that, by dint of great dispatch, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark, the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LXXXVII.—THE MAY QUEEN.

TENNYSON.

FIRST READING.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright
as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen:
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-
flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

LXXXVIII.—THE FLOWER.

WHY comes the flower upon the plant? That fruit may come. And why the fruit? That it may hold, protect, and cherish the seed. And why the seed? That the plant may have offspring—that other plants may grow up and be as near like itself as one living thing can well be like another.

The flower is the beginning of the seed, the first step toward reproduction, and the fruit is the flower completed. If it does throw aside its floral ornaments,—its petals or other adorning or useful parts of its blooming period,—it still retains the maturing seed and ends in the ripened fruit.

Look inside of almost any flower and you will see embosomed in its petals the thread-like organs called stamens with little yellow knobs at their ends. Shake them; if they are ripe, they will give up the fine dust or pollen, so light that the breeze will blow it away.

Some flowers have few stamens, some have many, and of the latter the apple and cherry blossoms afford examples. Most of the different grasses have three stamens to each of their little flowers. For example, a head of timothy-grass has a long thick bunch of flowers, crowded together at the top of the slender stem. Early in the summer, about June, you may see the little stamens peeping out all around, three of them together, and their little golden knobs dangling in the breeze. Some plants have only two stamens on a flower, and there is a water plant, called the mare's-tail, with only one stamen. A few flowers, indeed, are wholly destitute of this organ.

Besides the stamens, there are also in most flowers, other threads, stems, or knobs, somewhat like the stamens, but generally of a different color. These pistils, as they are called, have their place in the centre of the flower, whilst the stamens stand around them. Unlike the stamens, the pistils have no pollen; but it is on the latter that the pollen must fall, in order that the plant may bear seed. It is in the bottom of the pistils, that the seeds

grow, but there will be no seed, unless the dust or pollen from the stamens, falls on the pistils.

Most plants bear flowers that have both stamens and pistils. Such flowers are called *perfect* flowers. But there are also plants that have two kinds of flowers, in some of which are stamens only, and in the others pistils only. Again, there are plants, some of which have flowers with stamens only, and others of which have flowers with pistils only. The willow-trees are such plants.

Of the five senses, flowers address themselves most feelingly to two. In delighting the sense of smell they stand pre-eminent—almost alone. Does true fragrance ever come from anything but a plant? and are not flowers especially the generous dispensers of grateful odors? And to the eye what wealth of beauty do they unfold!

We need think of no more than the lily, the pink, and the rose. Was *anything* ever arrayed like one of these? When we look upon them they fill the heart with joy. We smell of them, and exclaim that their fragrance exceeds even their beauty. Again we look upon them, and now we aver that their beauty surpasses their perfume.

Word Exercise.

pĕt'als	slĕn'der	cher'ish	dangling
pŏl'len	re-tains'	ar-rayed'	(*dang'gling*)
pĭs'tils	stā'mens	blos'soms	ma-tūr'ing
per'fume	ad-drĕss'	a-dorn'ing	frā'grance

Phrase Exercise.

1. Floral ornaments.—2. Blooming period.—3. Afford examples.—4. Golden knobs.—5. Wholly destitute.—6. *Perfect* flowers.—7. They stand pre-eminent.—8. True fragrance.—9. Generous dispensers.—10. Grateful odors.

LXXXIX.—THE MAY QUEEN.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

TENNYSON.

SECOND READING.

IF you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear

XC.—THE FRUIT.

GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

IT is not alone the delicious grape, the grateful apple, the luscious pear, the clustered cherries, the tart currants, the golden orange, the sweet blackberries, the refreshing melon, the blooming peach, the purple plum, the sun-fed strawberries, or whatever other products of the plants we may deem good to eat, that are entitled to the name of fruit. The very mention, the very thought of fruit, brings to our minds an ever-welcome idea of something not only wholesome and pleasing to the taste, but at the same time beautiful; for all fertile flowers, on whatever plant they may grow, merge eventually into fruit. That fruit may not be edible; it may be bitter, it may be sour, it may be as dry as a chip, or it may even be poisonous,—still it is fruit. It is fruit to the plant, if not to us.

The seed, we may say, is the infant offspring of the plant, by means of which, in the course of nature, it perpetuates its kind. The flower is the first step in the formation of the fruit. The plant opens to the sunshine a charming expression of form and color in the budding flower. Nursing in its bosom the growing germ, the flower usually sheds its gay attire, throws off its petals, its ribbons, and its tassels, and in a sober, motherly way devotes itself to the one great task of cherishing, perfecting, and guarding the seed.

In fact, the flower, which at first seemed but a transport of joy, now shorn of its bridal ornaments, has

become the substantial fruit. That fruit is the guardian of the seed, within which sleeps the infant plant; and according to the needs of that seed will the fruit be fashioned. Are the seeds to be carried far and wide?—ten to one the fruit is furnished with a plume, a sail, or a wing, by which to be wafted through the air, or with hooks to cling to passing animals, or with some other contrivance to effect conveyance.

Or, if the seed inside be provided with a sail, the fruit will open and let the little seed go forth and seek its fortune by itself. Endless are the expedients by which the seed and the fruit seek to perpetuate the kind of plant from which they spring.

We may look at the well-known fruit-head of the dandelion, which is the prettiest little airy-like silken ball that can be imagined. Doubtless, it has not occurred to everybody, what this beautiful sphere, so common in the meadows and by the road-sides, really is. Previous to this sphere, and in the place of it, was the flower, the well-known yellow dandelion, which belongs to the composite family.

DANDELION HEAD.

The dandelion is not really *one* flower, but a circled group of many small flowers or florets. These are surrounded by an outer circle of green leaflets, which bend down

when the florets have changed into fruits, allowing them to radiate in every direction from the core in the centre. The whole ball is made up of many small fruits, each of which is a single seed enclosed in a thin cover, surmounted by an elevated circled plume.

Blow on this lovely little sphere, and away will fly the little tufted fruits, some one way and some another. If there is any breeze stirring, there is no knowing how far they will go. It is not strange, then, that dandelions spring up almost everywhere. See what a vast number of fruits must go sailing about, all over the country, on a dry midsummer's day. It is true, not half of them grow up into plants to make more dandelions, but a great many of them do.

In the same way, the beautiful asters of our woods, with their flowers of yellow or purplish disks, and lovely rays of white or purple, as large as roses, let their little fruits fly away from their heads as soon as ripe and dry.

There are about as many different kinds of fruits as there are of flowers. The plants of the bean family, for instance, have fruits like the bean pods. These pods, when ripe and dry, split open at the two edges, and then the beans or seeds drop out. Do you know the pods of the honey-locust trees,—large, broad, thin, and sweet? Clover too belongs to the bean family. You can find the tiny pods in the dry heads of clover, if you will pick out the little withered flowers and open them.

Some fruits have a kind of wings. Such are the fruits of our beautiful maple tree; and very pretty are these maple keys, as they are called, when they hang in clusters

from the branches, and dangle among the leaves. At the end, where they are joined, there is in each key a thick, hard, round swelling, in which is the seed. When the fruit is ripe and dry it falls off, and we may often see the pair of keys flying away together. As they are light, they go whirling in the wind, sometimes to a great distance. The fruit of the ash-tree looks like that of the maple, and also hangs in bunches; but each fruit is a single key.

These are but a few of the many kinds of fruits to be found on plants, each in itself a curiosity and a beauty, and how much we fairly owe to them is scarcely ever in our thoughts. If we consider but wheat alone, how valuable to us is its little fruit, the simple grain; to say nothing of the fruits of other grasses, such as rice, rye, oats, and the large and generous ears of Indian-corn.

Nor must the cotton-plant be forgotten, whose fruit does not indeed feed, but clothes our bodies, enters into countless uses in every household, is indispensable on every craft that sails the sea, and inseparable from so many industries on land and water. The fruit of the cotton-plant is a pod, which, bursting open, reveals a mass of white woolly fibres, enveloping and clinging to the seeds. This is the beautiful and useful cotton.

Phrase Exercise.

1. Merge eventually.—2. Perpetuates its kind.—3. Charming expression.—4. Usually sheds its gay attire.—5. Shorn of its bridal ornaments.—6. Contrivance to effect conveyance.—7. Surrounded by an elevated circled plume.—8. *Indispensable* on every *craft*.—9. *Inseparable* from so many *industries*.

XCI.—THE MAY QUEEN.—CONCLUSION.

TENNYSON.

THIRD READING.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blessed him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them: it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

XCII.—THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THIRD READING.

AND, truly, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case, in all your lives? Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold.

And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

These reflections so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

"It would be much too dear," thought Midas.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger had bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. O terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the

father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter.

It had been a favorite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And, now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky!

It would be too sad a story, if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fulness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But, stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender, that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger, standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him this disastrous power of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a

yellow lustre all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and on the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray, how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable! indeed!" exclaimed the stranger; "and how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not every thing that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not every thing," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery, since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most,—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"O my child, my dear child!" cried poor King Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and in hastening to the river-side. As he ran along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvellous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" gasped King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest, earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and been changing into insensible metal, but had now been softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet, that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace; and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek!—and how astonished she was to find

herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

"Pray do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden,

where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to remind King Midas of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river in which he had bathed, sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to take Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvellous story, pretty much as I have told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And, to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," said King Midas, "ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

XCIII.—JOHN GILPIN.

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

WILLIAM COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These thrice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad!

The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again :—

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind !"

"Good-lack !" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now, Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay

Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin,—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall;
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all!"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come:
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said—
"I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country—far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth, she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back,
My husband, safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;

Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,—
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop, thief! stop, thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

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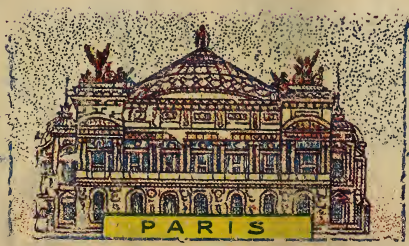
PARIS

If you wish to
my name look in the
front of the book